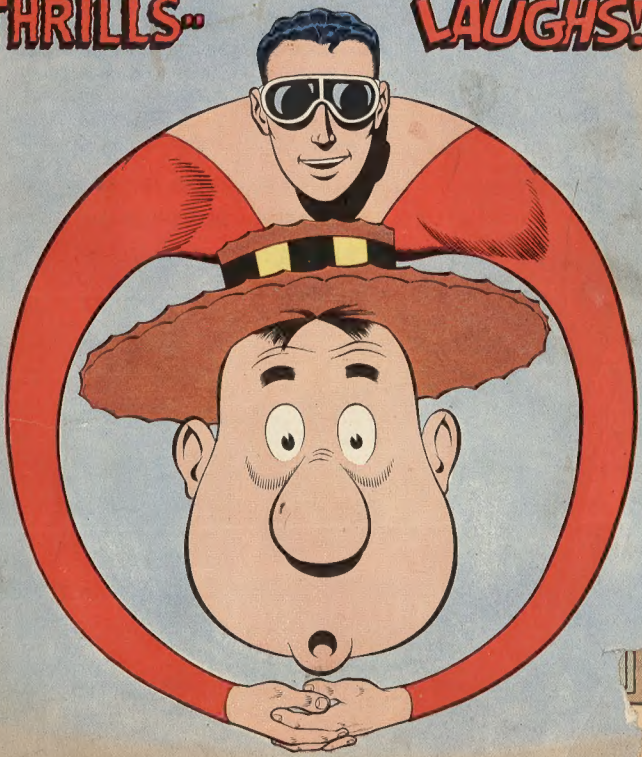
WINTER ISSUE
No. 6

PLASTIC MAN

10¢

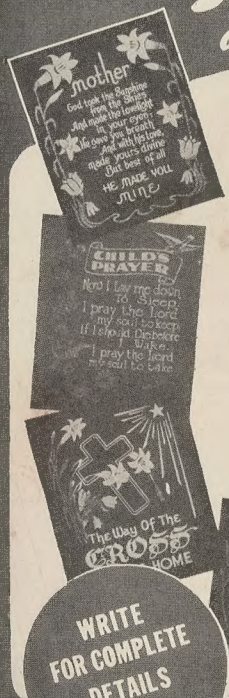
BRINGS YOU THRILLS..

WOOZY, THE LAUGHS!



DO YOU WANT SPENDING MONEY?

Sell these popular Patriotic and Religious Mottoes


Mother
God took the Sunshine And from the Skies
He gave you Beauty
And with it Love
Made yours divine
But best of all
HE MADE YOU MINE
CHILDS PRAYER
Now I lay me down to Sleep
I pray the Lord my soul to keep
If I should Die before I Wake
I pray the Lord my soul to take
The Way Of The CROSS HOME
GOD BLESS AMERICA
MY HOME SWEET HOME
God Bless OUR HOME

SEND US NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

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WRITE FOR COMPLETE DETAILS TO

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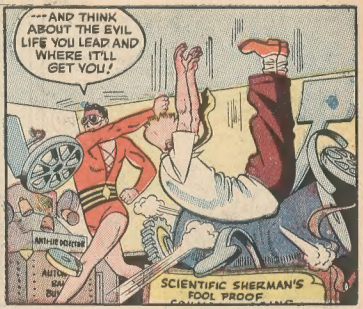
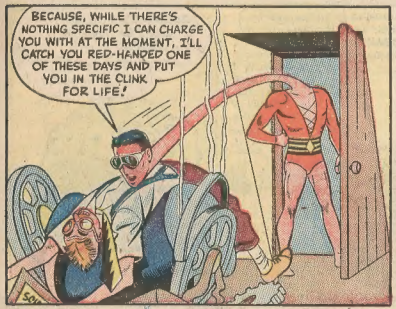
PLASTIC MAN
HELP, PLAS! THE HEAT'S KILLING ME!
DON'T GRIPE, WOOZY! IT'S NO WORSE THAN FREEZING TO DEATH!
FREEZER
SUCH CHARACTERS! THEY'RE NEVER SATISFIED!
PLASTIC MAN is always ready to do a lot for progress, but when THE MOON WIZARD starts experimenting, it's enough to make even the India Rubber Man's blood run cold!

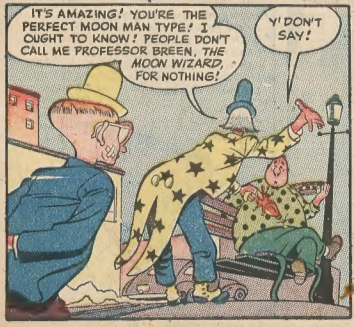
MY LATEST INVENTION -- AND IT OUGHT TO DO THE TRICK! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS CATCH A HUNK OF PLASTIC MAN IN THIS AND CUT HIM TO RIBBONS!
ANTI-LIE DETECTOR
AUTOMATIC BANK BUSTER
SCIENTIFIC SHERMAN'S FOOLPROOF COUNTERFEITING MACHINE
THERE GOES THE LAST BOLT! IT'S FINISHED!
EASY WITH THAT HAMMER, SHERMAN! YOU'RE UPSETTING ME!
PLASTIC MAN!
SURE! IT ISN'T LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD!
Y' KNOW, SHERM, YOUR INVENTIONS ARE DISGUSTING!
I'LL DO YOU IN YET, PLASTIC MAN! THERE MUST BE A WAY!
MAYBE -- BUT THAT ISN'T IT, SUCKER!

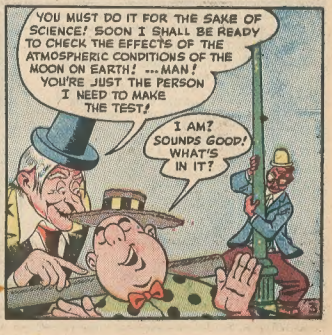
WOB
BOTTOMS UP!

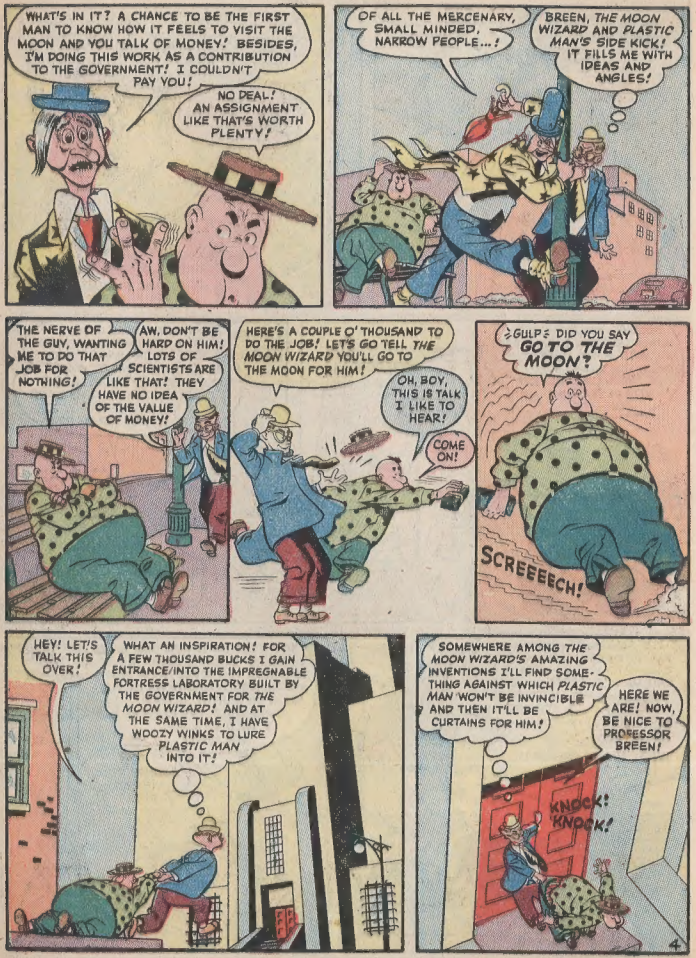

---AND THINK ABOUT THE EVIL LIFE YOU LEAD AND WHERE IT'LL GET YOU!
SCIENTIFIC SHERMAN'S FOOL PROOF

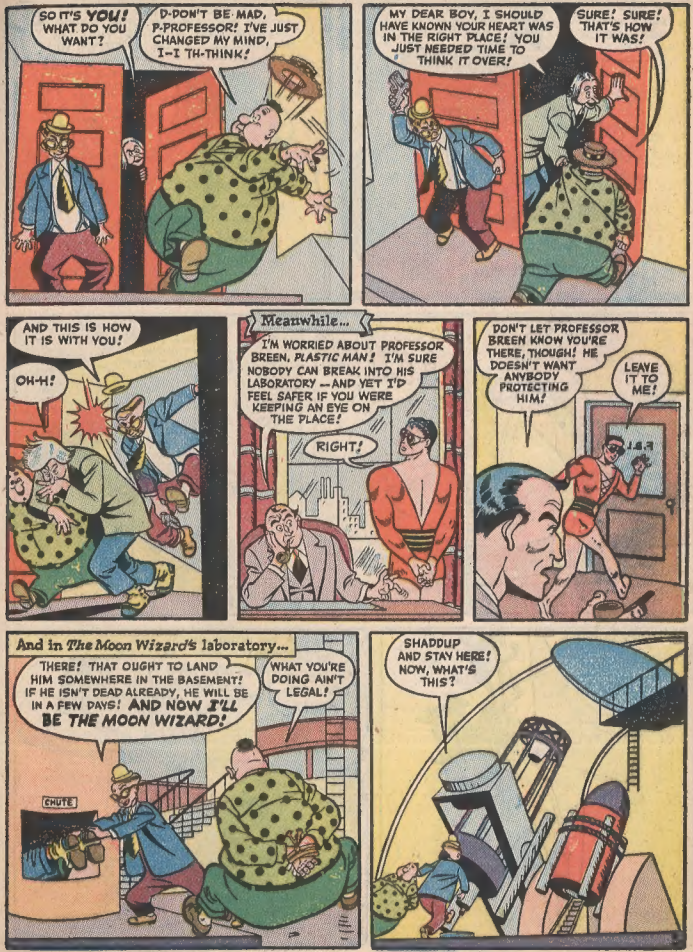

BECAUSE, WHILE THERE'S NOTHING SPECIFIC I CAN CHARGE YOU WITH AT THE MOMENT, I'LL CATCH YOU RED-HANDED ONE OF THESE DAYS AND PUT YOU IN THE CLINK FOR LIFE!

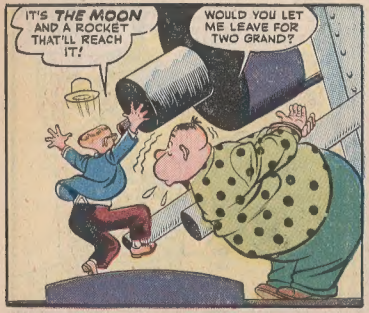
Later...
I GOTTA WALK UNTIL I COOL OFF OR I'LL BLOW MY TOP! SUCH SHAME! SUCH HUMILIATION! PLASTIC MAN'S MADE A MONKEY OUTTA ME AND I CAN'T LIVE ON THE SAME EARTH WITH HIM AND BE HAPPY! I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF HIM!


IT'S AMAZING! YOU'RE THE PERFECT MOON MAN TYPE! I OUGHT TO KNOW! PEOPLE DON'T CALL ME PROFESSOR BREEN, THE MOON WIZARD, FOR NOTHING!
Y' DON'T SAY!

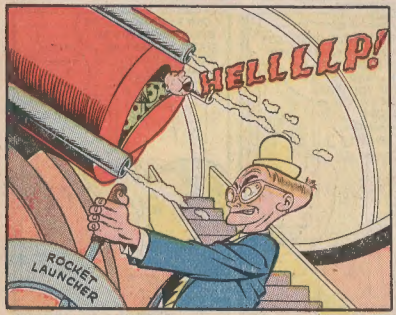

YOU MUST DO IT FOR THE SAKE OF SCIENCE! SOON I SHALL BE READY TO CHECK THE EFFECTS OF THE ATMOSPHERIC CONDITIONS OF THE MOON ON EARTH! ...MAN! YOU'RE JUST THE PERSON I NEED TO MAKE THE TEST!
I AM? SOUNDS GOOD! WHAT'S IN IT?

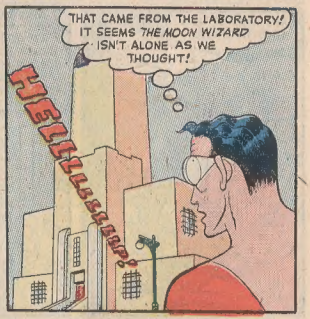

WHAT'S IN IT? A CHANCE TO BE THE FIRST MAN TO KNOW HOW IT FEELS TO VISIT THE MOON AND YOU TALK OF MONEY! BESIDES, I'M DOING THIS WORK AS A CONTRIBUTION TO THE GOVERNMENT! I COULDN'T PAY YOU!
NO DEAL! AN ASSIGNMENT LIKE THAT'S WORTH PLENTY!
OF ALL THE MERCENARY, SMALL MINDED, NARROW PEOPLE...!
BREEN, THE MOON WIZARD AND PLASTIC MAN'S SIDE KICK! IT FILLS ME WITH IDEAS AND ANGLES!
THE NERVE OF THE GUY, WANTING ME TO DO THAT JOB FOR NOTHING!
AW, DON'T BE HARD ON HIM! LOTS OF SCIENTISTS ARE LIKE THAT! THEY HAVE NO IDEA OF THE VALUE OF MONEY!
HERE'S A COUPLE O' THOUSAND TO DO THE JOB! LET'S GO TELL THE MOON WIZARD YOU'LL GO TO THE MOON FOR HIM!
OH, BOY, THIS IS TALK I LIKE TO HEAR!
COME ON!
GULP! DID YOU SAY GO TO THE MOON?
SCREEEECH!
HEY! LET'S TALK THIS OVER!
WHAT AN INSPIRATION! FOR A FEW THOUSAND BUCKS I GAIN ENTRANCE/INTO THE IMPREGNABLE FORTRESS LABORATORY BUILT BY THE GOVERNMENT FOR THE MOON WIZARD! AND AT THE SAME TIME, I HAVE WOOZY WINKS TO LURE PLASTIC MAN INTO IT!
SOMEWHERE AMONG THE MOON WIZARD'S AMAZING INVENTIONS I'LL FIND SOMETHING AGAINST WHICH PLASTIC MAN WON'T BE INVINCIBLE AND THEN IT'LL BE CURTAINS FOR HIM!
HERE WE ARE! NOW, BE NICE TO PROFESSOR BREEN!
KNOCK! KNOCK!


SO IT'S YOU! WHAT DO YOU WANT?
D-DON'T BE MAD, P-PROFESSOR! I'VE JUST CHANGED MY MIND, I-I TH-THINK!
MY DEAR BOY, I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN YOUR HEART WAS IN THE RIGHT PLACE! YOU JUST NEEDED TIME TO THINK IT OVER!
SURE! SURE! THAT'S HOW IT WAS!
AND THIS IS HOW IT IS WITH YOU!
OH-H!
Meanwhile...
I'M WORRIED ABOUT PROFESSOR BREEN, PLASTIC MAN! I'M SURE NOBODY CAN BREAK INTO HIS LABORATORY -- AND YET I'D FEEL SAFER IF YOU WERE KEEPING AN EYE ON THE PLACE!
RIGHT!
DON'T LET PROFESSOR BREEN KNOW YOU'RE THERE, THOUGH! HE DOESN'T WANT ANYBODY PROTECTING HIM!
LEAVE IT TO ME!
And in The Moon Wizard's laboratory...
THERE! THAT OUGHT TO LAND HIM SOMEWHERE IN THE BASEMENT! IF HE ISN'T DEAD ALREADY, HE WILL BE IN A FEW DAYS! AND NOW I'LL BE THE MOON WIZARD!
WHAT YOU'RE DOING AIN'T LEGAL!
CHUTE
SHADDUP AND STAY HERE! NOW, WHAT'S THIS?

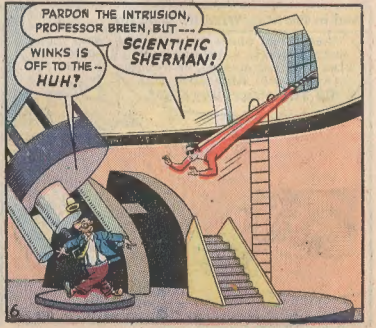

IT'S THE MOON AND A ROCKET THAT'LL REACH IT!
WOULD YOU LET ME LEAVE FOR TWO GRAND?

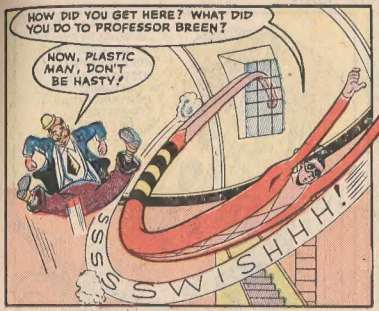
IT'S TOO COLD FOR HUMAN LIFE ON THE MOON! WHAT A PLACE TO GET RID OF PLASTIC MAN! BUT FIRST WE'LL TRY IT OUT ON YOU!
HONEST, I DON'T DOUBT IT'S COLD UP THERE! I BELIEVE YOU! YOU DON'T HAVE TO PROVE A THING TO ME!

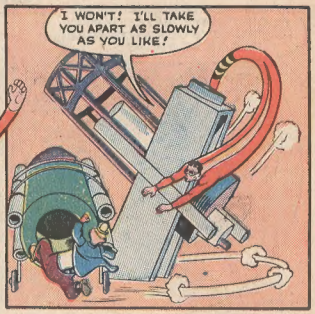

HELLLLP!
ROCKET LAUNCHER

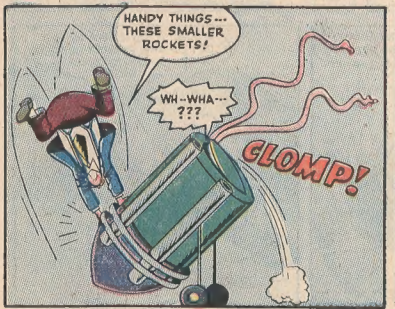

THAT CAME FROM THE LABORATORY! IT SEEMS THE MOON WIZARD ISN'T ALONE AS WE THOUGHT!
HELLLLLLLLLP!

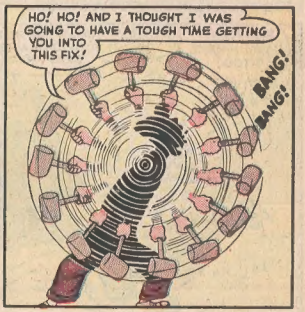
HAPPY LANDING, STUPID!
WOOZY! WHAT'S THE MOON WIZARD DOING WITH HIM?
SWOOSH!

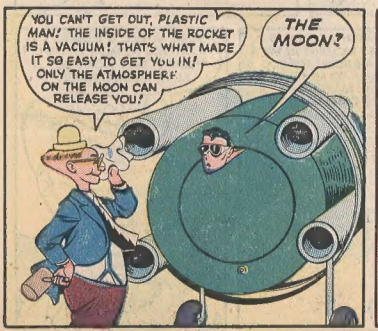

PARDON THE INTRUSION, PROFESSOR BREEN, BUT---
SCIENTIFIC SHERMAN!
WINKS IS OFF TO THE-- HUH?

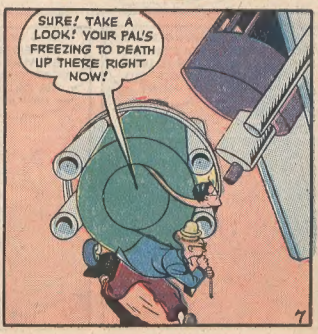

HOW DID YOU GET HERE? WHAT DID YOU DO TO PROFESSOR BREEN?
NOW, PLASTIC MAN, DON'T BE HASTY!
SSSWISHHH!

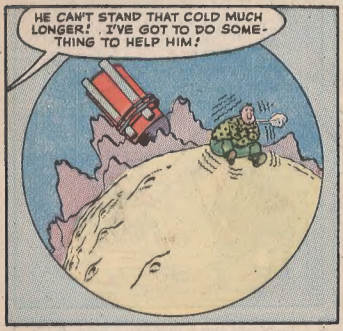

I WON'T! I'LL TAKE YOU APART AS SLOWLY AS YOU LIKE!

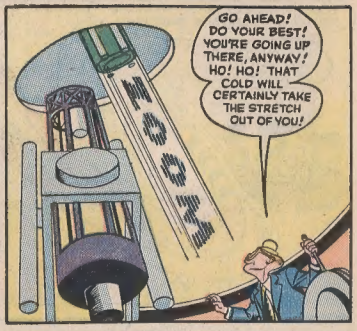

HANDY THINGS... THESE SMALLER ROCKETS!
WH--WHA--- ???
CLOMP!

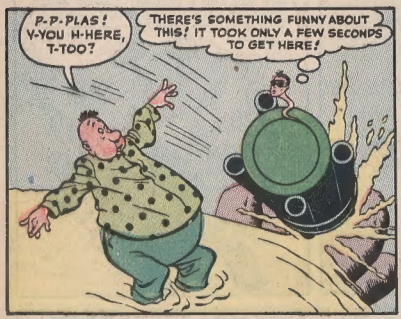

HO! HO! AND I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO HAVE A TOUGH TIME GETTING YOU INTO THIS FIX!
BANG! BANG!


YOU CAN'T GET OUT, PLASTIC MAN! THE INSIDE OF THE ROCKET IS A VACUUM! THAT'S WHAT MADE IT SO EASY TO GET YOU IN! ONLY THE ATMOSPHERE ON THE MOON CAN RELEASE YOU!
THE MOON?


SURE! TAKE A LOOK! YOUR PAL'S FREEZING TO DEATH UP THERE RIGHT NOW!


HE CAN'T STAND THAT COLD MUCH LONGER! I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING TO HELP HIM!


GO AHEAD! DO YOUR BEST! YOU'RE GOING UP THERE, ANYWAY! HO! HO! THAT COLD WILL CERTAINLY TAKE THE STRETCH OUT OF YOU!
ROOM

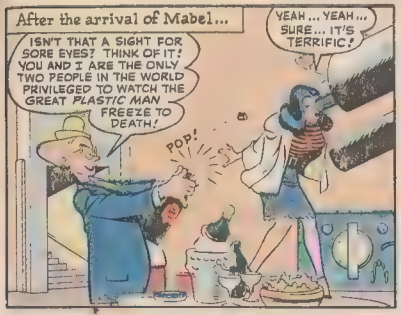

P-P-PLAS! Y-YOU H-HERE, T-TOO?
THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT THIS! IT TOOK ONLY A FEW SECONDS TO GET HERE!

H'MM! IT IS EASY TO GET OUT OF THE ROCKET UP HERE! SHERMAN WAS RIGHT!

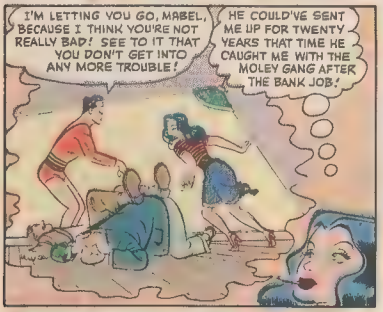
PLAS, WE GOTTA G-GET OFF HERE! A G-GUY COULD CATCH A BAD C-C-COLD UP H-HERE!
BR-R-R-R-R-R! I'D CERTAINLY LIKE TO LEAVE MYSELF! BUT HOW?

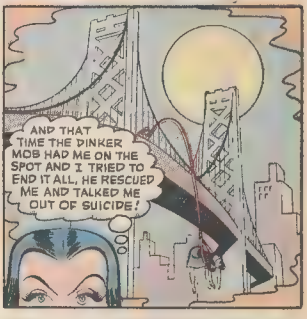
THIS IS WONDERFUL! THIS IS THE GREATEST MOMENT IN MY LIFE! WHAT A SHOW! IT'S TOO GOOD TO KEEP TO MYSELF! I'LL CALL UP MABEL AND HAVE HER COME OVER!

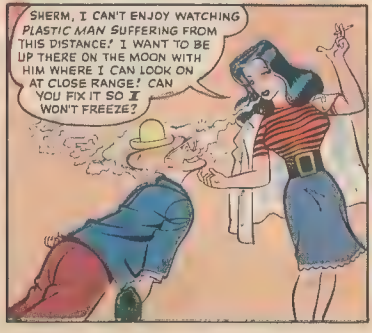
SURE, MABEL, I WOULDN'T WANT YOU TO MISS IT! BUT HURRY! THEY WON'T BE ALIVE MUCH LONGER!


After the arrival of Mabel...
ISN'T THAT A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES? THINK OF IT! YOU AND I ARE THE ONLY TWO PEOPLE IN THE WORLD PRIVILEGED TO WATCH THE GREAT PLASTIC MAN FREEZE TO DEATH!
POP!
YEAH... YEAH... SURE... IT'S TERRIFIC!

THAT'S THE WAY I OUGHT TO FEEL, BUT I DON'T! I'VE BEEN MIXED UP WITH THE UNDERWORLD ALL MY LIFE, SO I OUGHT TO BE GLAD TO SEE PLASTIC MAN KICK OFF, BUT I'M FEELING ROTTEN ABOUT THE WHOLE THING!

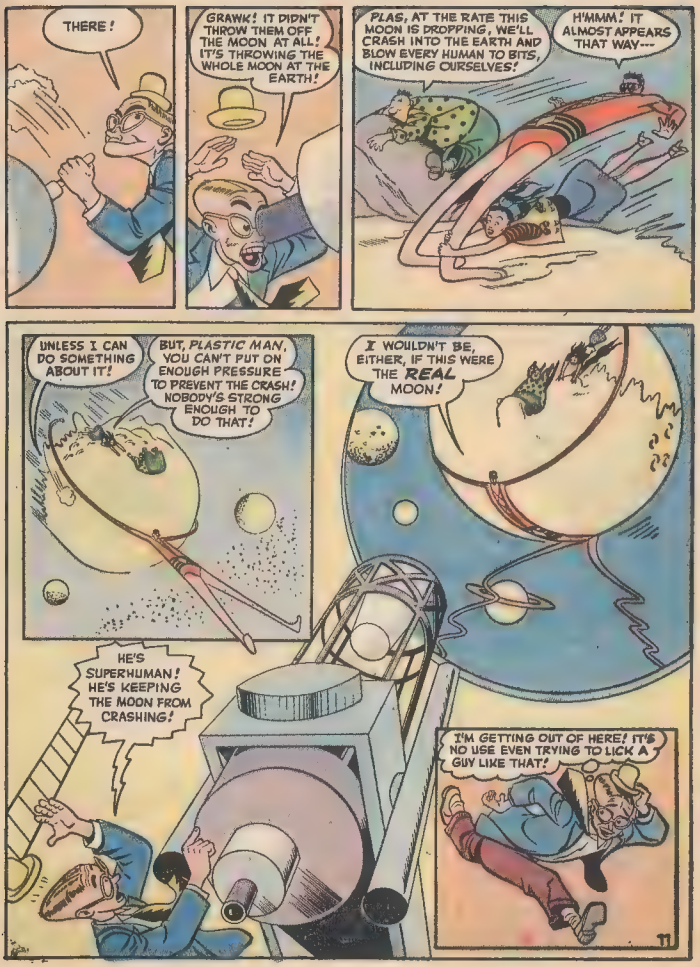

I'M LETTING YOU GO, MABEL, BECAUSE I THINK YOU'RE NOT REALLY BAD! SEE TO IT THAT YOU DON'T GET INTO ANY MORE TROUBLE!
HE COULD'VE SENT ME UP FOR TWENTY YEARS THAT TIME HE CAUGHT ME WITH THE MOLEY GANG AFTER THE BANK JOB!

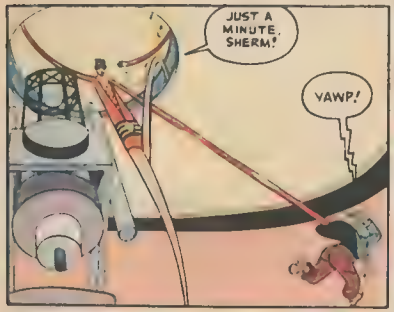

AND THAT TIME THE DINKER MOB HAD ME ON THE SPOT AND I TRIED TO END IT ALL, HE RESCUED ME AND TALKED ME OUT OF SUICIDE!

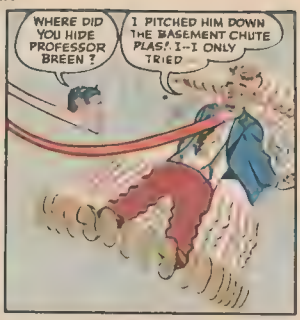

SHERM, I CAN'T ENJOY WATCHING PLASTIC MAN SUFFERING FROM THIS DISTANCE! I WANT TO BE UP THERE ON THE MOON WITH HIM WHERE I CAN LOOK ON AT CLOSE RANGE! CAN YOU FIX IT SO I WON'T FREEZE?

THINGS NOBODY ELSE CAN DO ARE A CINCH FOR ME, MABEL! I'M THE MOON WIZARD NOW! REMEMBER, THIS AUTOMATIC HEATING APPARATUS'LL KEEP YOU WARM UP THERE UNTIL YOU'RE READY TO COME DOWN!

WHEN YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH, USE THE ROCKET RADIO AND I'LL GET YOU DOWN! THEN YOU CAN TELL ME HOW IT FEELS TO BE UP ON THE MOON!
YOU'RE A SWELL GUY TO LET ME DO THIS, SHERM!
LOOKS LIKE MORE COMPANY!
NOTHING CAN THAW ME OUT NOW! I'M DONE FOR NOW, PLAS, OLD FRIEND!
POP!
MABEL, THE MOOCHER! HOW DID YOU GET UP HERE?
NEVER MIND THAT, PLASTIC MAN! I'M GOING TO SAVE YOU!
HERE! THIS'LL WARM YOU!
I DON'T THINK I NEED IT NOW!
WHY, THAT RATTY BABE WENT UP THERE TO HELP 'EM! I MIGHT'VE KNOWN I COULDN'T TRUST A DAME!
SO THEY'RE LICKING THE COLD WITH THE HEATING APPARATUS! THE SAPS! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS PULL THIS LEVER AND THEY'LL FALL RIGHT OFF THE MOON AND CRASH TO THEIR DEATHS!
CONTACT WITH MOON
MOON GRAVITY RELEASE


THERE!
GRAWK! IT DIDN'T THROW THEM OFF THE MOON AT ALL! IT'S THROWING THE WHOLE MOON AT THE EARTH!
PLAS, AT THE RATE THIS MOON IS DROPPING, WE'LL CRASH INTO THE EARTH AND BLOW EVERY HUMAN TO BITS, INCLUDING OURSELVES!
H'MMM! IT ALMOST APPEARS THAT WAY---
UNLESS I CAN DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!
BUT, PLASTIC MAN, YOU CAN'T PUT ON ENOUGH PRESSURE TO PREVENT THE CRASH! NOBODY'S STRONG ENOUGH TO DO THAT!
I WOULDN'T BE, EITHER, IF THIS WERE THE REAL MOON!
HE'S SUPERHUMAN! HE'S KEEPING THE MOON FROM CRASHING!
I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE! IT'S NO USE EVEN TRYING TO LICK A GUY LIKE THAT!

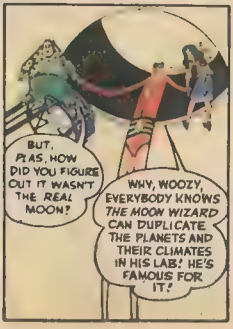

JUST A MINUTE, SHERM!
YAWP!

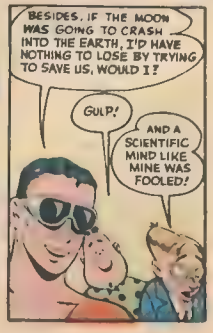

WHERE DID YOU HIDE PROFESSOR BREEN?
I PITCHED HIM DOWN THE BASEMENT CHUTE PLAS! I--I ONLY TRIED

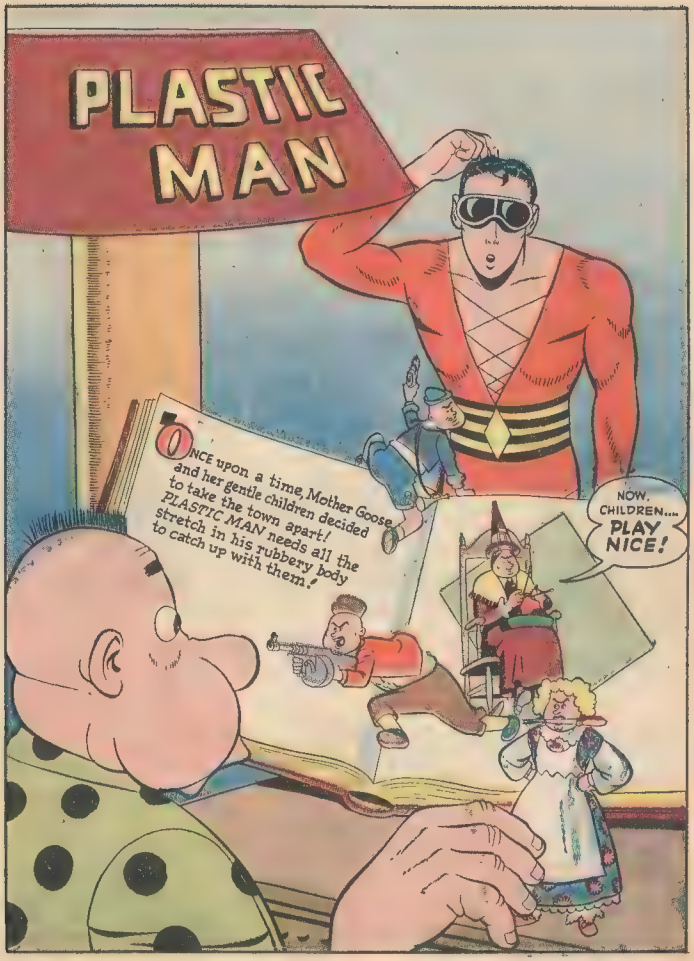
KEEP STILL AND GO GET HIM!
CHUTE

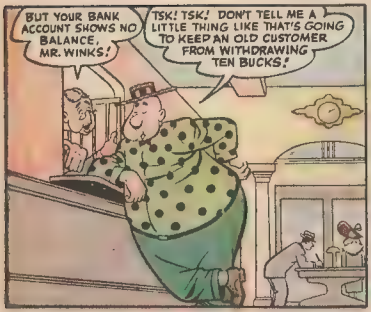
WHAT'S GOING ON? WHO KNOCKED ME OUT?
LET'S DISCUSS IT LATER, PROFESSOR! RIGHT NOW I WANT YOU TO FIX IT SO THE MOON'LL STAY IN PLACE!
CHUTE

FIX IT? WELL, I SHOULD SAY SO! IF THAT EVER CRASHES DOWN HERE, IT'LL COST THE GOVERNMENT A MILLION DOLLARS IN REPAIRS! THERE! THAT'LL HOLD IT!
GOOD! NOW I'LL LIFT MY FRIENDS OFF IT!

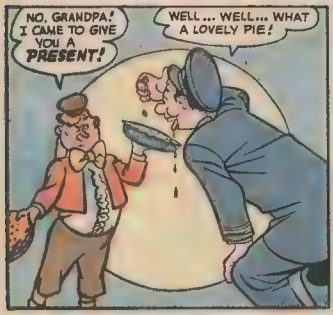

BUT, PLAS, HOW DID YOU FIGURE OUT IT WASN'T THE REAL MOON?
WHY, WOOZY, EVERYBODY KNOWS THE MOON WIZARD CAN DUPLICATE THE PLANETS AND THEIR CLIMATES IN HIS LAB! HE'S FAMOUS FOR IT!


BESIDES, IF THE MOON WAS GOING TO CRASH INTO THE EARTH, I'D HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE BY TRYING TO SAVE US, WOULD I?
GULP!
AND A SCIENTIFIC MIND LIKE MINE WAS FOOLED!

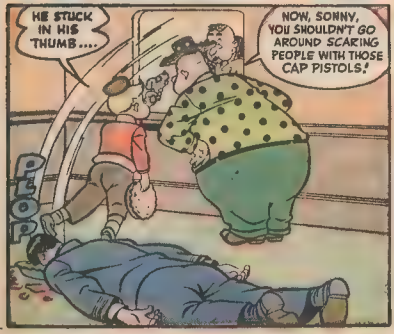

PLASTIC MAN
ONCE upon a time Mother Goose and her gentle children decided to take the town apart! PLASTIC MAN needs all the stretch in his rubbery body to catch up with them!
NOW, CHILDREN.... PLAY NICE!


BUT YOUR BANK ACCOUNT SHOWS NO BALANCE, MR. WINKS!
TSK! TSK! DON'T TELL ME A LITTLE THING LIKE THAT'S GOING TO KEEP AN OLD CUSTOMER FROM WITHDRAWING TEN BUCKS!

ARE YOU LOOKING FOR YOUR MOTHER, LITTLE BOY?
BONDS

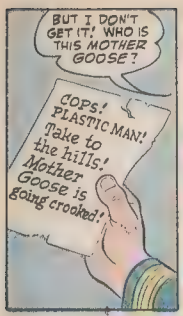

NO, GRANDPA! I CAME TO GIVE YOU A PRESENT!
WELL... WELL... WHAT A LOVELY PIE!

YOU AIN'T KIDDIN'! TAKE A CLOSER LOOK!
PLOP!
GRAWK!

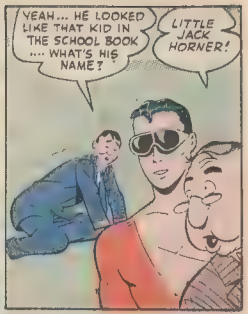

HE STUCK IN HIS THUMB....
NOW, SONNY, YOU SHOULDN'T GO AROUND SCARING PEOPLE WITH THOSE CAP PISTOLS!
PLOOP

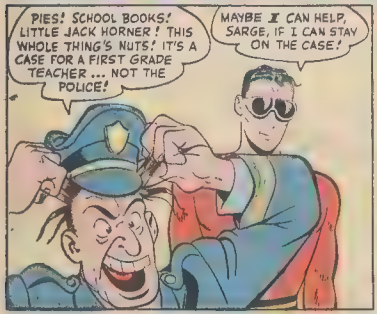
WHO ASKED YOU?
SPLAT!

HE STUCK IN HIS THUMB AND PULLED OUT A PLUM! HAW! HAW! WHAT A PLUM! AT LAST FIFTY GRAND!
D-DON'T SHOOT!
OH DEAR ... OH DEAR! POLICE! POLICE! THEY'LL NEVER GET HERE IN TIME TO CATCH HIM!
RRRING!
A few blocks away...
WHAT'S UP, BOYS?
PLASTIC MAN! WHAT A BREAK! WE JUST GOT AN ALARM FROM THE WINTHROP BANK!
WHAT HAPPENED? WHO DID IT?
LITTLE JACK HORNER!
OH, A WISE GUY, EH?
HE ISN'T KIDDING, SARGE! IT'S A MOTHER GOOSE STUNT, ALL RIGHT! HERE'S THE EVIDENCE!
LITTLE JACK HORNER'S PLUM PIES.. ONLY THEY'RE DOSED WITH ETHER!
MOTHER GOOSE? LITTLE JACK HORNER? SAY, WHAT GOES ON HERE?
I'VE BEEN EXPECTING IT EVER SINCE I SAW THAT AD IN THE PUBLIC NOTICES IN THE GAZETTE!
3


BUT I DON'T GET IT! WHO IS THIS MOTHER GOOSE?
COPS! PLASTIC MAN! Take to the hills! Mother Goose is going crooked!

YOU'VE GOT ME THERE! THIS SEEMS TO BE HER FIRST JOB!
BUT, PLAS, IT WASN'T MOTHER GOOSE! IT WAS A LITTLE BOY!


YEAH... HE LOOKED LIKE THAT KID IN THE SCHOOL BOOK .... WHAT'S HIS NAME?
LITTLE JACK HORNER!

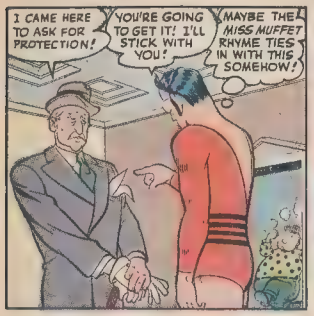

PIES! SCHOOL BOOKS! LITTLE JACK HORNER! THIS WHOLE THING'S NUTS! IT'S A CASE FOR A FIRST GRADE TEACHER ... NOT THE POLICE!
MAYBE I CAN HELP, SARGE, IF I CAN STAY ON THE CASE!

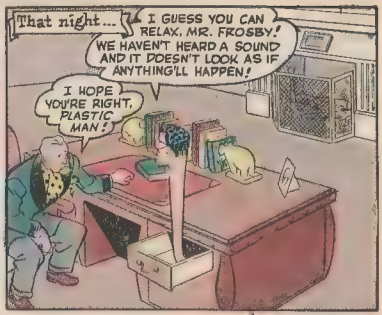
PLASTIC MAN, YOU'RE A WONDER! I WAS JUST GOING TO ASK IF YOU COULD ARRANGE WITH YOUR F.B.I. CHIEF TO GIVE US A HAND!

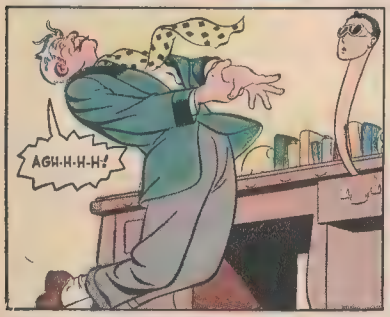
WHAT HAPPENED IN THERE? GIVE US A STORY!
IT'S NOTHING FOR THE PRESS TO WORRY ABOUT, BOYS! PLASTIC MAN'S TAKING OVER AND MOTHER GOOSE IS COOKED!

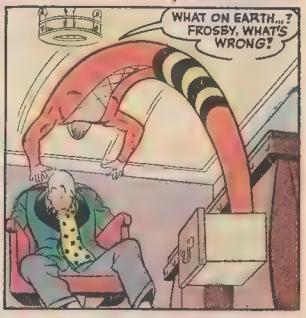
WOOZY, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE TOLD THEM THAT! IT'LL PUT MOTHER GOOSE ON GUARD!
GOSH! I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT!

THERE IT IS!
GEE! I'M SORRY, PLAS!
DAILY RECORD
PLASTIC MAN ON TRAIL OF MOTHER GOOSE!
TELEGRAM FOR PLASTIC MAN!
LET'S HAVE IT!
TELEGRAM
LITTLE MISS MUFFET SAT ON A TUFFET EATING HER CURDS AND WHEY ALONG CAME A SPIDER AND SAT DOWN BESIDE HER AND FRIGHTENED MISS MUFFET AWAY
IT LOOKS LIKE THE PUBLICITY'S HAVING THE OPPOSITE EFFECT, WOOZY! MOTHER GOOSE IS TAUNTING ME! THERE'S A HINT TO SOME SORT OF CRIME IN THIS VERSE, BUT I CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT IT IS!
I'D BETTER SHOW THE POLICE THIS TELEGRAM!
YOU'D BETTER KEEP YOUR MEN ON THE ALERT, SERGEANT! SOMETHING'S GOING TO POP!
YOU'RE TELLING ME! IT'S ALREADY POPPING!
MR. FROSBY GOT AN EXTORTION NOTE SIGNED MOTHER GOOSE! IT DEMANDS A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS OR HIS LIFE!
AND I CAN'T PAY IT!


I CAME HERE TO ASK FOR PROTECTION!
YOU'RE GOING TO GET IT! I'LL STICK WITH YOU!
MAYBE THE MISS MUFFET RHYME TIES IN WITH THIS SOMEHOW!

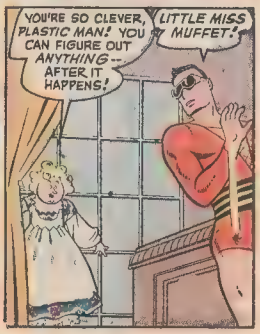

That night...
I GUESS YOU CAN RELAX, MR. FROSBY! WE HAVEN'T HEARD A SOUND AND IT DOESN'T LOOK AS IF ANYTHING'LL HAPPEN!
I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, PLASTIC MAN!


AGH-H-H-H!

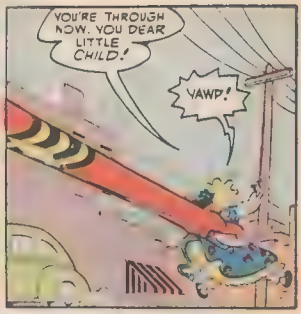

WHAT ON EARTH...? FROSBY, WHAT'S WRONG!

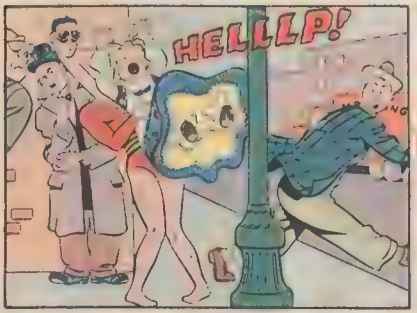
A SPIDER!
WACK!

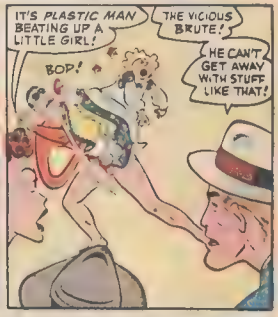
A BLACK WIDOW SPIDER! MOTHER GOOSE USED IT TO KILL FROSBY! SO THAT WAS THE HINT IN THE MISS MUFFET CRIME!


YOU'RE SO CLEVER, PLASTIC MAN! YOU CAN FIGURE OUT ANYTHING -- AFTER IT HAPPENS!
LITTLE MISS MUFFET!

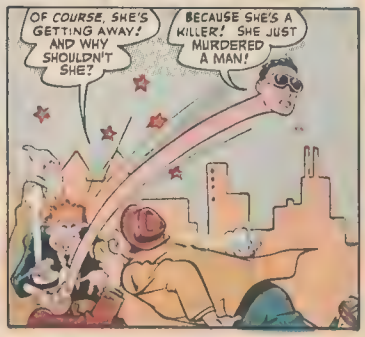
HAW! HAW! YOU WOULDN'T HARM A LITTLE GIRL, WOULD YOU? AND AFTER ALL, I DIDN'T KILL FROSBY! I JUST BROUGHT THE BLACK WIDOW SPIDER IN TO DO THE JOB!


YOU'RE THROUGH NOW, YOU DEAR LITTLE CHILD!
YAWP!

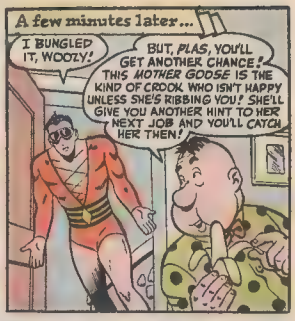

HELLLP!

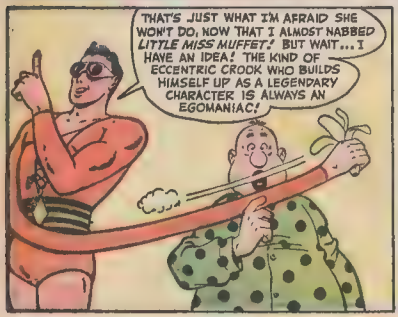

IT'S PLASTIC MAN BEATING UP A LITTLE GIRL!
THE VICIOUS BRUTE!
BOP!
HE CAN'T GET AWAY WITH STUFF LIKE THAT!

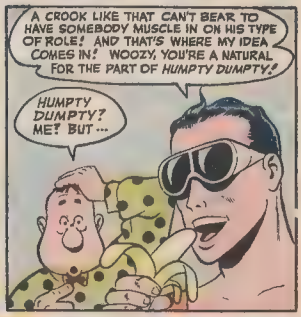
LET HER GO, YOU BULLY!
STOP IT YOU FOOLS! SHE'S GETTING AWAY!
SOK!

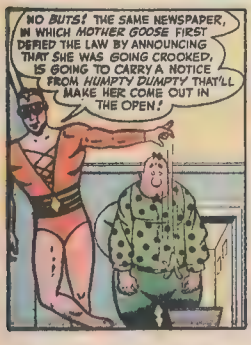

OF COURSE, SHE'S GETTING AWAY! AND WHY SHOULDN'T SHE?
BECAUSE SHE'S A KILLER! SHE JUST MURDERED A MAN!

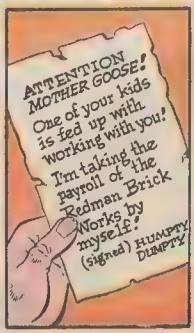
THAT CHILD A MURDERER?
YOU MUST BE GETTING SOFT IN THE HEAD, PLASTIC MAN!
OH, WHAT'S THE USE?


A few minutes later...
I BUNGLED IT, WOOZY!
BUT, PLAS, YOU'LL GET ANOTHER CHANCE! THIS MOTHER GOOSE IS THE KIND OF CROOK WHO ISN'T HAPPY UNLESS SHE'S RIBBING YOU! SHE'LL GIVE YOU ANOTHER HINT TO HER NEXT JOB AND YOU'LL CATCH HER THEN!


THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M AFRAID SHE WON'T DO, NOW THAT I ALMOST NABBED LITTLE MISS MUFFET! BUT WAIT... I HAVE AN IDEA! THE KIND OF ECCENTRIC CROOK WHO BUILDS HIMSELF UP AS A LEGENDARY CHARACTER IS ALWAYS AN EGOMANIAC!


A CROOK LIKE THAT CAN'T BEAR TO HAVE SOMEBODY MUSCLE IN ON HIS TYPE OF ROLE! AND THAT'S WHERE MY IDEA COMES IN! WOOZY, YOU'RE A NATURAL FOR THE PART OF HUMPTY DUMPTY!
HUMPTY DUMPTY? ME! BUT...

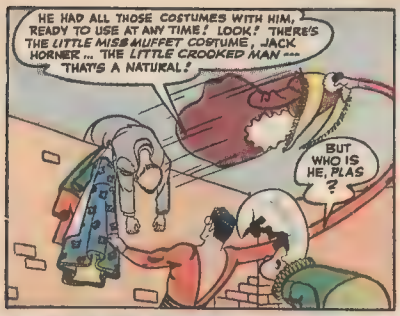

NO BUTS! THE SAME NEWSPAPER, IN WHICH MOTHER GOOSE FIRST DEFIED THE LAW BY ANNOUNCING THAT SHE WAS GOING CROOKED, IS GOING TO CARRY A NOTICE FROM HUMPTY DUMPTY THAT'LL MAKE HER COME OUT IN THE OPEN!


ATTENTION MOTHER GOOSE!
One of your kids is fed up with working with you!
I'm taking the payroll of the Redman Brick Works by myself!
(signed) HUMPTY DUMPTY

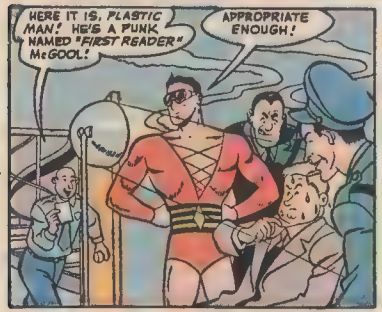
SO! I SPEND FIVE YEARS FIGURING OUT THIS WAY OF MAKING MONKEYS OUT OF THE COPS AND PLASTIC MAN, AND SOME HOOD TRIES TO ELBOW ME OUT! I'LL SHOW HIM!

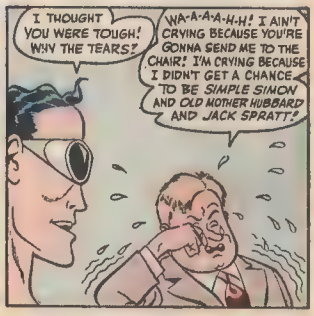
THERE HE IS! HE'S WORKING THE GAG JUST THE WAY I WOULD DO IT!
REDMAN BRICK WORKS
THE GUY WITH THE PAYROLL'LL COME OUT OF THE OFFICE, SEE HUMPTY DUMPTY, AND THINK IT'S A KID'S GAG! THEN HUMPTY DUMPTY DROPS ON HIM AND SNATCHES THE PAYROLL!
ONLY THIS HUMPTY DUMPTY AIN'T GOING TO GET THE CHANCE TO OPERATE!
HEY, SMART APPLE, HUMPTY DUMPTY HAD A GREAT FALL! REMEMBER?
HELP!
AND IT'S YOUR DOWNFALL!
GULP!
OLD KING COLE WAS A MERRY OLD SOUL AND A MERRY OLD SOUL WAS HE....
WHAT TH'...IT EVERY-BODY'S DOING IT! EVERYBODY'S STEALING MY STUFF!

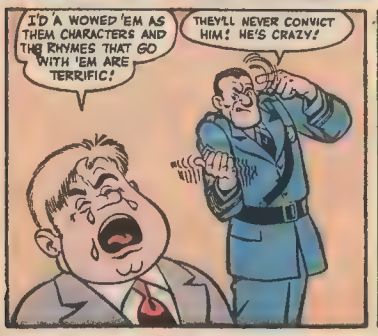
WELL, MOTHER GOOSE, JUST THINK OF IT.... BOTH OF US LEAVING THE KINDERGARTEN TO MEET IN A PLACE LIKE THIS!
DON'T HAND ME THAT STUFF, YOU CHEAP CHISELER! I'M GOING TO BLOW YOUR HEAD OFF FOR TRYING TO CRAMP MY ACT!
BUT, FIRST, I'LL TAKE THAT PAYROLL!
SURE! SURE! AFTER ALL, WHERE WOULD WE NURSERY RHYME CHARACTERS BE WITHOUT YOU?
THIS OUGHTTA PAY ME FOR MY TROUBLE!
I REALLY HATE TO STRIKE A LADY!
BUT THEN, I DON'T THINK YOU'RE REALLY A LADY AT ALL!
PLASTIC MAN!
AS A MATTER OF FACT, I'M SURE YOU'RE NOT!
PLAS! LOOK! SHE'S A HE.... I MEAN HE'S A .... AW, I MEAN MOTHER GOOSE IS A FATHER!


HE HAD ALL THOSE COSTUMES WITH HIM, READY TO USE AT ANY TIME! LOOK! THERE'S THE LITTLE MISS MUFFET COSTUME, JACK HORNER... THE LITTLE CROOKED MAN--- THAT'S A NATURAL!
BUT WHO IS HE, PLAS?

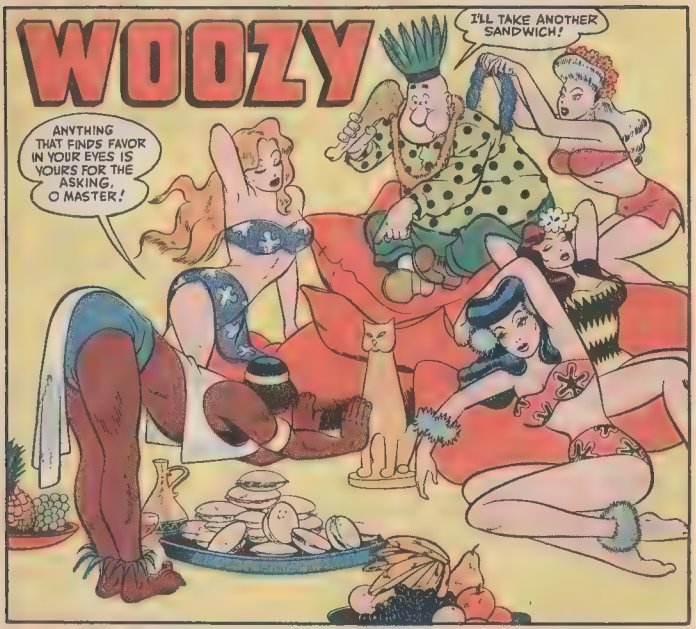
THE ROGUE'S GALLERY'LL PROBABLY REVEAL THAT!


HERE IT IS, PLASTIC MAN! HE'S A PUNK NAMED "FIRST READER" McGOOL!
APPROPRIATE ENOUGH!

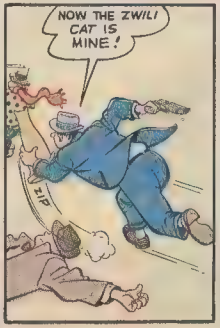

I THOUGHT YOU WERE TOUGH! WHY THE TEARS?
WA-A-A-A-H-H! I AIN'T CRYING BECAUSE YOU'RE GONNA SEND ME TO THE CHAIR! I'M CRYING BECAUSE I DIDN'T GET A CHANCE TO BE SIMPLE SIMON AND OLD MOTHER HUBBARD AND JACK SPRATT!


I'D A WOWED 'EM AS THEM CHARACTERS AND THE RHYMES THAT GO WITH 'EM ARE TERRIFIC!
THEY'LL NEVER CONVICT HIM! HE'S CRAZY!

THAT'S WHAT HE WANTS YOU TO THINK! HE'S BEEN PLAYING TOUGHER PARTS THAN THIS ONE! RELAX, McGOOL! YOUR NEXT ACT WILL BE SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE... ONLY YOU'LL BE ONE OF THE BIRDS BAKED IN THE PIE!
VERY GOOD, PLAS! HE-HE! VERY GOOD!

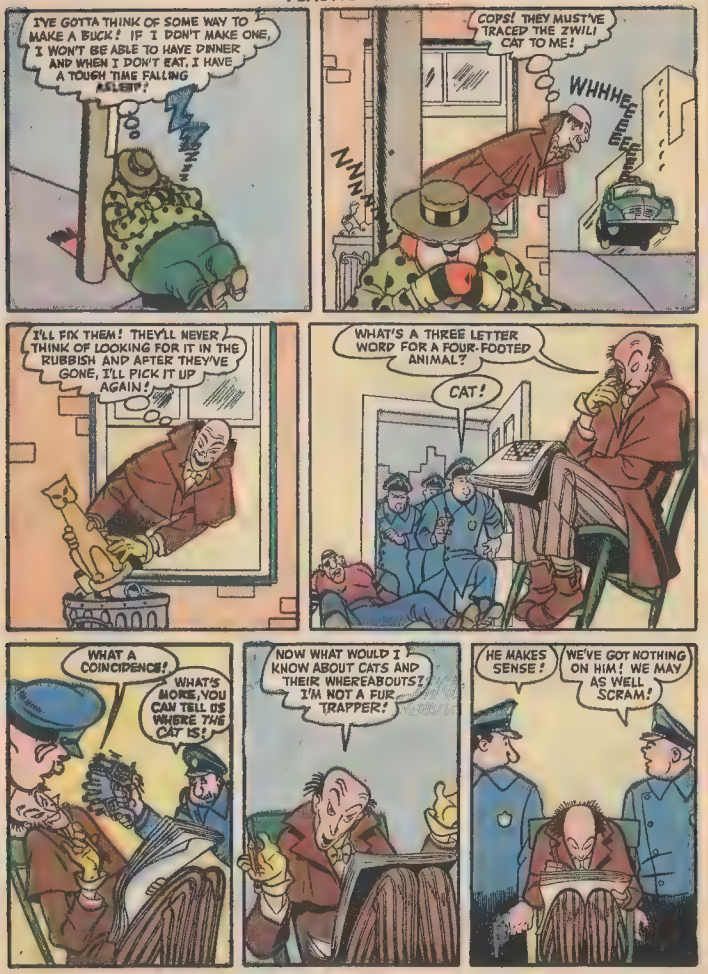

WOOZY
I'LL TAKE ANOTHER SANDWICH!
ANYTHING THAT FINDS FAVOR IN YOUR EYES IS YOURS FOR THE ASKING, O MASTER!

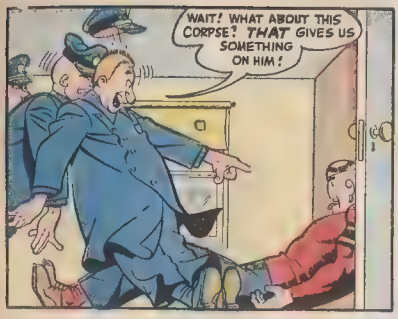
BANG! BANG!


NOW THE ZWIL! CAT IS MINE!
ZIP

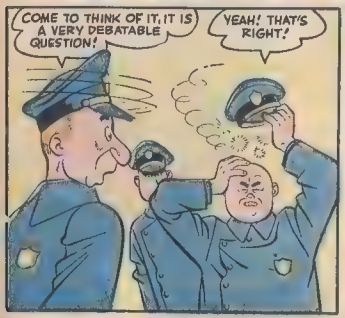
THINK OF THAT!

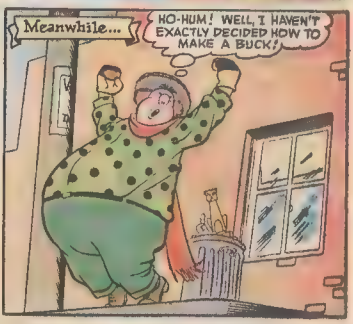
AGH-H!
THUD!
NOW IT IS MINE ... ALL MINE!
ONE SIDE, YOU!
SURE! SURE! GLAD TO OBLIGE!
GAZETTE
5¢
GANGSTERS IN QUEST OF THE ZWILI CAT CONTINUE TO MURDER EACH OTHER!
HA! HA! YOU BROUGHT THE ZWILI CAT TO ME AND DEATH IS YOUR REWARD!
HOW THESE NEWSPAPERS EXAGGERATE! WHY, I'VE NEVER SEEN THIS TOWN SO QUIET AND PEACEFUL!
HO-HUM! IF I HAD SOME MONEY, I'D EAT!

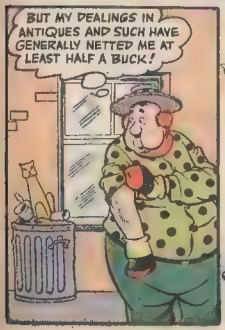

I'VE GOTTA THINK OF SOME WAY TO MAKE A BUCK! IF I DON'T MAKE ONE, I WON'T BE ABLE TO HAVE DINNER AND WHEN I DON'T EAT, I HAVE A TOUGH TIME FALLING ASLEEP!
ZZZZZZ
COPS! THEY MUST'VE TRACED THE ZWIL! CAT TO ME!
WHHHEEEEEEEE
ZZZZZZ
I'LL FIX THEM! THEY'LL NEVER THINK OF LOOKING FOR IT IN THE RUBBISH AND AFTER THEY'VE GONE, I'LL PICK IT UP AGAIN!
WHAT'S A THREE LETTER WORD FOR A FOUR-FOOTED ANIMAL?
CAT!
WHAT A COINCIDENCE!
WHAT'S MORE, YOU CAN TELL US WHERE THE CAT IS!
NOW WHAT WOULD I KNOW ABOUT CATS AND THEIR WHEREABOUTS? I'M NOT A FUR TRAPPER!
HE MAKES SENSE!
WE'VE GOT NOTHING ON HIM! WE MAY AS WELL SCRAM!


WAIT! WHAT ABOUT THIS CORPSE? THAT GIVES US SOMETHING ON HIM!

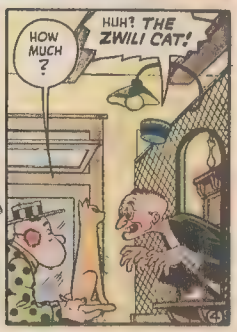
YEAH, FARTHINGDALE, WHAT ABOUT THAT? THAT'S MURDER!
MURDER, YOU SAY? WHAT UTTER NONSENSE! THAT WAS DIMBO, THE PIG STICKER! YOU CALL STRANGLING HIM MURDER?


COME TO THINK OF IT, IT IS A VERY DEBATABLE QUESTION!
YEAH! THAT'S RIGHT!

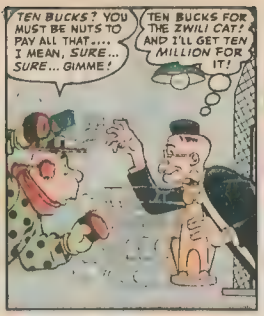

Meanwhile...
HO-HUM! WELL, I HAVEN'T EXACTLY DECIDED HOW TO MAKE A BUCK!


BUT MY DEALINGS IN ANTIQUES AND SUCH HAVE GENERALLY NETTED ME AT LEAST HALF A BUCK!

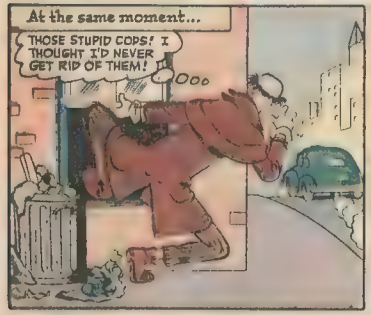
HMMM! NOTHING THAT'S WORTH VERY MUCH, BUT I MIGHT GET TWO BITS FOR THIS CHILDREN'S TOY!

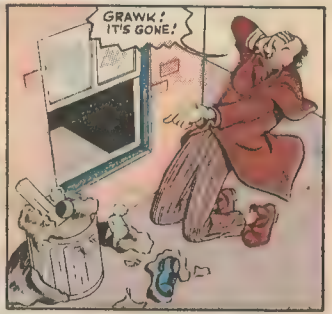

HOW MUCH ?
HUH? THE ZWILI CAT!

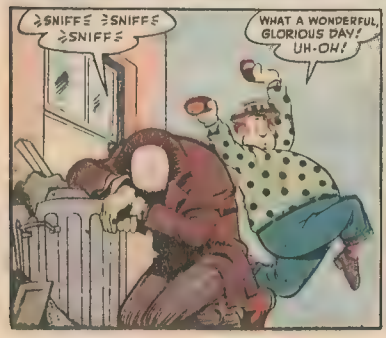
NOW DON'T YOU THINK YOU CAN MAKE ME SELL IT CHEAPER BY CALLING IT NAMES!
HOW'S TEN BUCKS?

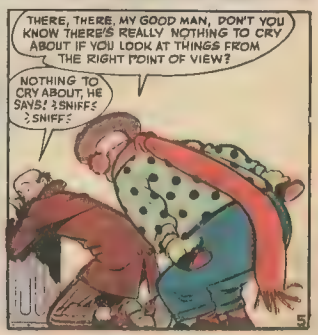

TEN BUCKS? YOU MUST BE NUTS TO PAY ALL THAT.... I MEAN, SURE... SURE... GIMME!
TEN BUCKS FOR THE ZWILI CAT? AND I'LL GET TEN MILLION FOR IT!

TEN BUCKS FOR THAT DIME STORE TOY! BOYOBOY-OBOY!

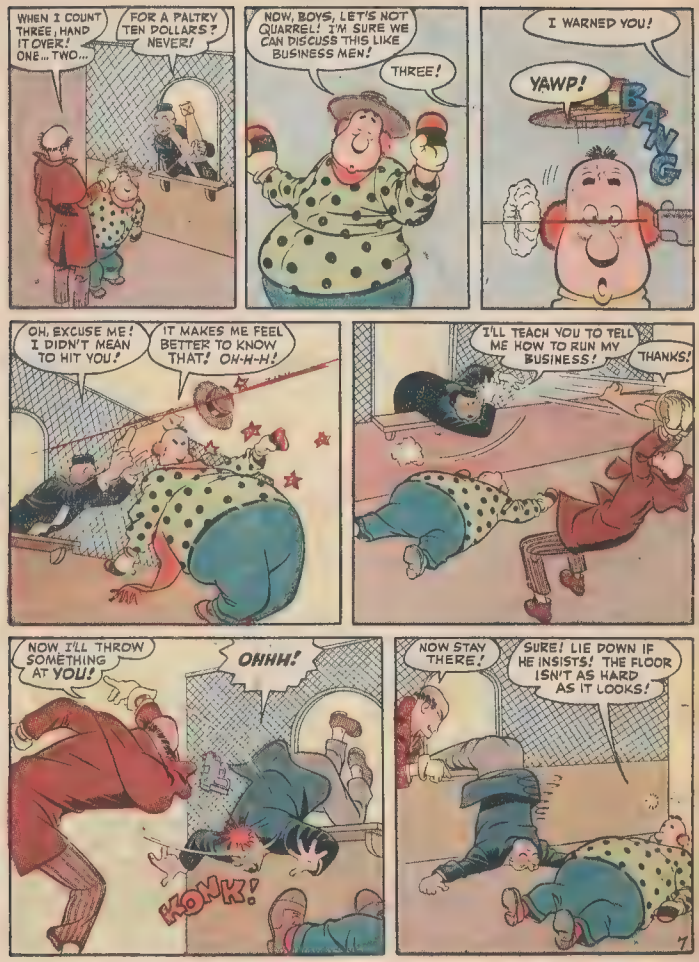

At the same moment...
THOSE STUPID COPS! I THOUGHT I'D NEVER GET RID OF THEM!
OOOO


GRAWK! IT'S GONE!


SNIFF SNIFF SNIFF
WHAT A WONDERFUL, GLORIOUS DAY! UH-OH!


THERE, THERE, MY GOOD MAN, DON'T YOU KNOW THERE'S REALLY NOTHING TO CRY ABOUT IF YOU LOOK AT THINGS FROM THE RIGHT POINT OF VIEW?
NOTHING TO CRY ABOUT, HE SAYS! SNIFF SNIFF
5

I'LL TELL YOU MY STORY! I HAD A METAL FIGURINE OF A CAT ... THE FABULOUS SACRED CAT OF THE AFRICAN ZWILI TRIBE!
YOU DID?
HONK
THINK OF IT! WITH THE ZWILI CAT IN MY POSSESSION, I'D HAVE BEEN THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD ... AND NOW IT'S GONE!
TSK! TSK! I HAD A METAL CAT, TOO, BUT I HAD BETTER LUCK WITH MINE! I SOLD IT FOR TEN BUCKS!
YOU HAD A FIGURINE OF A CAT? WHERE DID YOU FIND IT?
IN THE RUBBISH CAN! I DIDN'T THINK IT WAS WORTH MORE THAN TWO BITS!
LEAD ME TO IT!
SURE... SURE... IF YOU'LL LET ME WALK!
HE HAS IT!
WE BUY OLD GOLD
FINE! GIVE HIM HIS TEN DOLLARS AND WE'LL TAKE THE CAT BACK!
SURE! WHEN YOU PUT IT THAT WAY!
OKAY, LET'S HAVE IT!
HO! HO! TEN DOLLARS FOR THE ZWILI CAT? TEN MILLION WOULD BE MORE LIKE IT!
WE BUY OLD GOLD


WHEN I COUNT THREE, HAND IT OVER! ONE... TWO...
FOR A PALTRY TEN DOLLARS? NEVER!
NOW, BOYS, LET'S NOT QUARREL! I'M SURE WE CAN DISCUSS THIS LIKE BUSINESS MEN!
THREE!
I WARNED YOU!
YAWP!
BANG
OH, EXCUSE ME! I DIDN'T MEAN TO HIT YOU!
IT MAKES ME FEEL BETTER TO KNOW THAT! OH-H-H!
I'LL TEACH YOU TO TELL ME HOW TO RUN MY BUSINESS!
THANKS!
NOW I'LL THROW SOMETHING AT YOU!
OHHH!
KONK!
NOW STAY THERE!
SURE! LIE DOWN IF HE INSISTS! THE FLOOR ISN'T AS HARD AS IT LOOKS!

I'VE GOT IT AT LAST! NOW.... THE LEGEND SAYS THE TAIL COMES OFF AND THE INSIDE IS FILLED WITH THE WORLD'S MOST PRECIOUS JEWELS!
MARBLES!
AFTER ALL I'VE BEEN THROUGH, IT'S TOO MUCH TO BEAR! MARBLES! ;SNIFF;
THERE YOU ARE, FARTHINGALE.... AND THE CAT, TOO! WE TRACED YOU!
KLINK
KLUNK
MARBLES! OH! ;SNIFF;
OF COURSE, THEY'RE MARBLES! KIDS' MARBLES, WORTH ABOUT TEN CENTS A HUNDRED! WE DISCOVERED AN ART CONNOISSEUR A HALF HOUR AGO WHO GAVE US THE REAL LOWDOWN ON THE ZWILI CAT!
WHEN TRADERS GAVE THE ZWILIS MARBLES IN TRADE FOR IVORY, THE TRIBESMEN THOUGHT THEY WERE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND VALUABLE JEWELS IN THE WORLD! THAT'S HOW THE LEGEND GREW!
SOMETHING TELLS ME IT'S TIME TO GO!
BUT WE'VE DECIDED TO CALL THAT DIMBO, THE PIG STICKER, JOB MURDER, SO WE'LL LET YOU PLAY WITH THE MARBLES IN THE DEATH HOUSE!
WHAT---? HEY, YOU!
C'MERE WITH THAT TEN BUCKS! YOU HEARD THE COP SAY MARBLES ARE ONLY WORTH TEN CENTS A HUNDRED!
PAWN SHOP
HOLY CAT!

STARRETT GOES STRAIGHT

THEY sat in the warden's office, the three of them—Warden Peters, Plastic Man and Ex-Convict Starrett, who wore a new suit of civilian clothes and showed a little smile of elation on his prison-bleached face.

"You've been a model prisoner, Starrett," said the warden, "and I hope you'll be a model citizen now that you've served your time."

"I intend to be, sir," nodded Starrett.

"Why don't you start right, then?" put in Plastic Man, his red-shirted body lolling in the easy chair across the room. "When you were convicted, you never gave us the Larsen jewels—a fortune in emeralds and rubies. You still haven't said where they are. I know, from my check of the underworld, that all of your former partners in crime are wondering where they're hidden."

"As to that," said Starrett, "the jewels go back to the man I took them from—A. J. Larsen—and I, myself, will return them. I want it to be a symbol of how I'm going straight. Will you trust me?"

"We'll have to," said the Warden. He offered Starrett a cigar, and Plastic Man reached an arm full ten feet across the room with a lighted match. "I have faith in your good intentions, Starrett, and I'll feel rotten if I see you back here again."

"Don't worry about that, sir," said the ex-convict, rising. "I mean to keep my word."

He walked to the outer door and into the world beyond the prison walls.

The sky was blue, the trees were green, and at a point up the street where Starrett could not avoid meeting him stood a high-shouldered, gaudily dressed man with hard eyes and a strangely protruding nose. Only one face like that had Starrett ever seen and he had not forgotten it in all his prison years. "Snout Morfy!" he exclaimed.

"Hiya Starrett," said the gaudy man with the nose. "I'm the welcome-back committee. Me and the boys was waiting—we been waiting since way back to help ya dig up them jewels!"

"I'm digging them up myself, Snout," said Starrett. "And I'm giving them back to Larsen, the man who owns them! Going straight—yes, you can sneer. I don't ask you to understand, just to leave me alone."

"On the level?" demanded Snout.

"Exactly," said Starrett, and walked on, around the corner.

He strolled for another block, then stopped and stared. Someone else was coming toward him—someone he recognized, a stout, gray-haired man with a short moustache.

"Mr. Larsen!" called Starrett. "Mr. A. J. Larsen! I've been looking forward to seeing you again—I'm going to give you back the—"

"Shut up," said someone as a car braked at the curb beside him.

It was a car full of men with hard faces and glaring eyes. At the wheel sat Snout Morfy. Two of his companions levelled pistols.

"Get in, Starrett," commanded Snout. "And quick, before we smoke you up. You're gonna dig up the jewels, but not for old Larsen, I mean business."

The door of the car swung open, big hands snatched Starrett inside. The car drove away. Starrett saw the gray-moustached face of Larsen staring after them. A little later, he thought he glimpsed a tall red-clad figure, towering on extended legs like a walking derrick, moving far behind in pursuit of the car. Then they sped up an alley, and he was ushered through a dark doorway.

In Snout Morfy's hideout, Starrett faced his captors. "You're wasting time you ought to spend stealing nickels from blind men's cups," he said. "I won't tell you anything, Snout, no matter what you do to me."

"That's what you think," Snout growled. He turned to a comrade. "Did you bring the pills, Gassy?"

"Yep," and Gassy drew a bottle from his pocket.

"These is truth pills," Snout told Starrett. "Doctors use 'em. So do the cops, sometimes. You swallow a couple, you go half to sleep, but your jaw still works. People ask you questions, you tell the truth. Give him a pill or so, Gassy."

Starrett fought, but they put pills in his mouth and forcibly poured water after them. Starrett swallowed to keep from choking. After that, he seemed to dream for many minutes. When his head cleared, Snout was grinning.

"You told everything like a good boy," Snout assured him. "The jewels are in a suitcase,

buried under the brick patio in that country house you use to keep—it's stood empty all the time you was in stir. Okay, we go and dig it up. If you'd given us a break, you'd be getting your share. Now all you'll get is a chance to watch, and when we got the jewels, you go into the hole where they was. Let the law wonder about what happened to you."

Again the party got into the car, Starrett wedged between two burly thugs with drawn pistols. They drove miles into the country, up the side road Starrett remembered, and to the deserted house. Behind the building, Snout pointed to the brick-covered surface of the patio.

"Up with them bricks, boys," he commanded, and with iron crowbars the thugs gouged the bricks out of the ground and piled them to one side. "Now, take a careful look. Where the stuff was buried oughta show."

Gassy bent, using his sharp, slant eyes carefully. "The softest part of the ground is right here in the center," he told Snout. "Yep, you can see where it was dug up a long time ago and put back."

"Ge those picks and shovels working," bade Snout, and willing muscle men of the gang hurried to the car, coming back with tools. Snout turned snickering to the prisoner.

"So you was going straight, Starrett? Well, you'll go straight—straight into the hole when we're through. Then we'll put the bricks back the way they was. Your police pals will ask each other where on earth you are. They'll never know that you're not ON earth, but INSIDE it."

Starrett did not bother to reply. Gassy stepped close and slapped his face. "What's the matter, punk? Speak when Snout says something."

Leave him alone, Gassy," bade Snout. "He did all the talking I cared for from him when he was under the influence of them pills. Get a shovel and help dig."

Many strong hands and eager muscles made the digging brief. After no more then five minutes Gassy yelled exultantly that his spade's edge had struck something solid. Carefully they pried the thing into view—a heavy old suitcase, metal bound and muddy but still intact. Starrett gazed mournfully as Snout knelt beside the case, drew a knife from his pocket and slit the mouldy leather. A moment later he was scooping forth the jewels by handfuls.

"Give a look, you guys! Enough rocks here to sink a ship."

"Let's divide 'em right now," urged Gassy.

"Later," said Snout. "First of all, we got a little routine murder to do. Starrett, walk over here to the edge of the hole. It'll be easier if we don't have to drag you."

Starrett walked steadily toward him. "I'm not afraid to die," he said.

"Swell, that makes it easy all around," said Snout. He drew a gun. "I'm going to handle this matter personal—"

He dropped the gun with an oath, wringing his hand. "Who threw that brick?" he demanded.

"Brick?" echoed Gassy.

"Yeah, from the pile." Snout pointed—sure enough, beside the fallen gun lay a brick. "It skinned my knuckles. Whoever did it is going to get skinned all over—"

Another brick bounced off of Snout's head, and he fell as if he had gone suddenly to sleep, which as a matter of fact, he had. As one man, the others turned toward the brick pile. They saw nobody. Gassy walked that way and stooped to pick up one of the bricks.

"Just an ordinary hunk of Irish confetti," he began. "Like—YEOWW!"

It was not a brick that had hit him this time. Bricks don't have arms attached to them. This brick reshaped itself into a fist and struck Gassy down. From the midst of the brick pile rose Plastic Man, and before the other criminals could organize, he was among them like a living explosion.

He knocked heads together. He tripped, slugged and hurled them around. One tried to run —Plastic Man shot his arm out fifteen feet and yanked him back. The whole mob was no match for him as he seemed to move everywhere at once, now tall, now short, now striking, now twisting. Starrett gazed raptly, as at a dream. He did not believe it. At his side Snout struggled up.

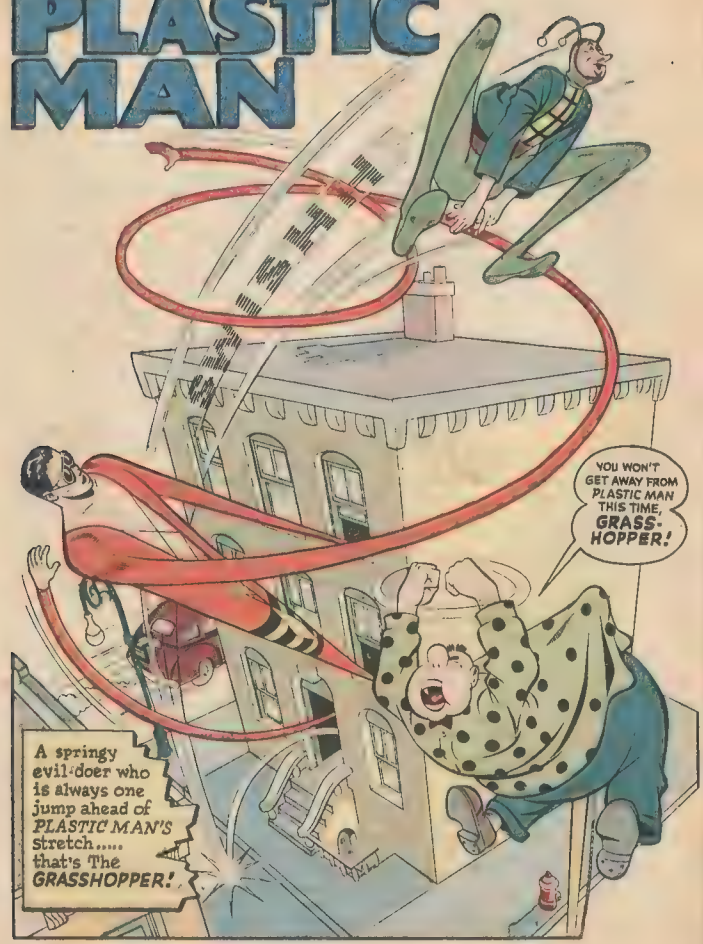
Plastic Man's fist knocked Snout kicking again, last of the resistance. Grinning, Plastic Man spoke to Starrett.

"You weren't ever really in danger," he said. "You see, when you met Snout at first—afoot in the street—you really met *me*, impersonating him. I had to be sure you were going straight. Then I made doubly sure by playing the part of Larsen. You called out that you wanted to give back the jewels, just as you were dragged into the car."

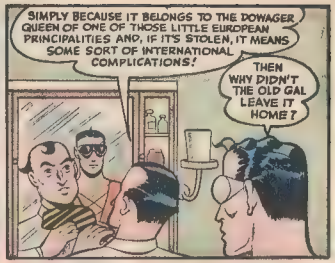
"Why didn't you rescue me then?" demanded Starrett.

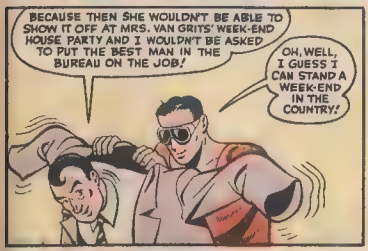
"What? Before Snout's thugs had done all the hard work of digging up the jewels? Help me load the car. We'll get these crooks to headquarters before they wake up. Then I'll personally escort you to Larsen's with those jewels of his."

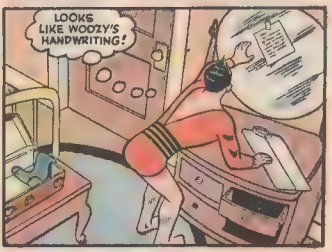
PLASTIC MAN

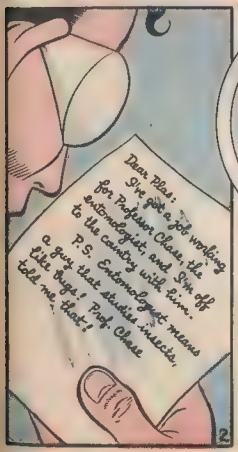

YOU WON'T GET AWAY FROM PLASTIC MAN THIS TIME, GRASS-HOPPER!
A springy evil-doer who is always one jump ahead of PLASTIC MAN'S stretch..... that's The GRASSHOPPER!

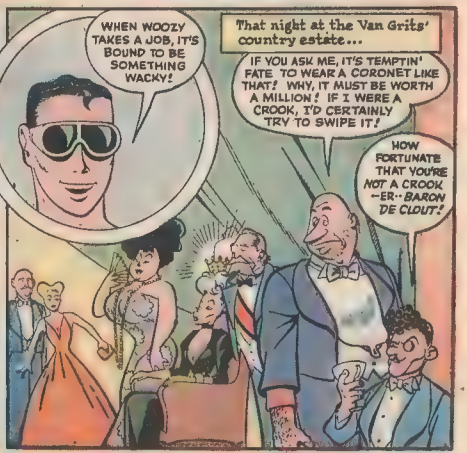
GUARD DUTY FOR YOU, PLASTIC MAN, BELIEVE IT OR NOT! ORDINARILY A LOCAL UNIFORMED COP COULD DO THE JOB, BUT NOT ON THE KRONDE CORONET!
WHY NOT?

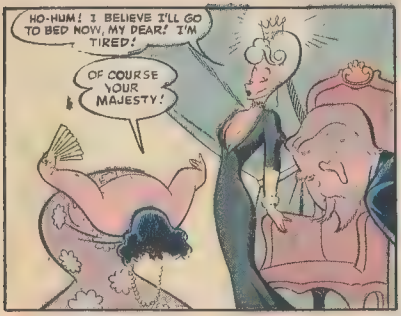

SIMPLY BECAUSE IT BELONGS TO THE DOWAGER QUEEN OF ONE OF THOSE LITTLE EUROPEAN PRINCIPALITIES AND, IF IT'S STOLEN, IT MEANS SOME SORT OF INTERNATIONAL COMPLICATIONS!
THEN WHY DIDN'T THE OLD GAL LEAVE IT HOME?

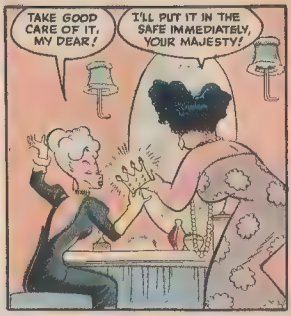

BECAUSE THEN SHE WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO SHOW IT OFF AT MRS. VAN GRITS' WEEK-END HOUSE PARTY AND I WOULDN'T BE ASKED TO PUT THE BEST MAN IN THE BUREAU ON THE JOB!
OH, WELL, I GUESS I CAN STAND A WEEK-END IN THE COUNTRY!


LOOKS LIKE WOOZY'S HANDWRITING!

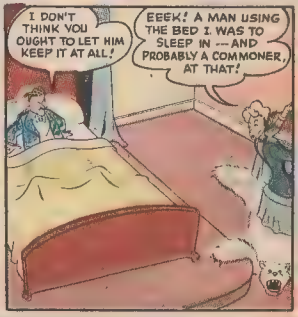

Dear Plas:
Sive got a job working for Professor Chase, the entomologist, and I'm off to the country with him.
P.S. Entomology just means a guy that studies insects, like bugs! Prof. Chase told me that!
2

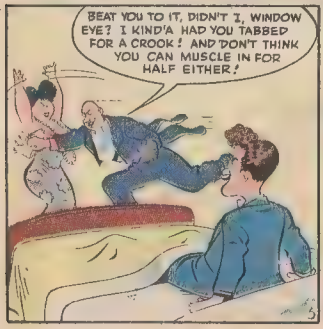

WHEN WOOZY TAKES A JOB, IT'S BOUND TO BE SOMETHING WACKY!
That night at the Van Grits' country estate...
IF YOU ASK ME, IT'S TEMPTIN' FATE TO WEAR A CORONET LIKE THAT! WHY, IT MUST BE WORTH A MILLION! IF I WERE A CROOK, I'D CERTAINLY TRY TO SWIPE IT!
HOW FORTUNATE THAT YOU'RE NOT A CROOK —ER·· BARON DE CLOUT!

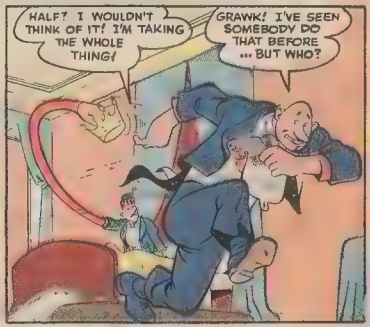

HO-HUM! I BELIEVE I'LL GO TO BED NOW, MY DEAR! I'M TIRED!
OF COURSE YOUR MAJESTY!

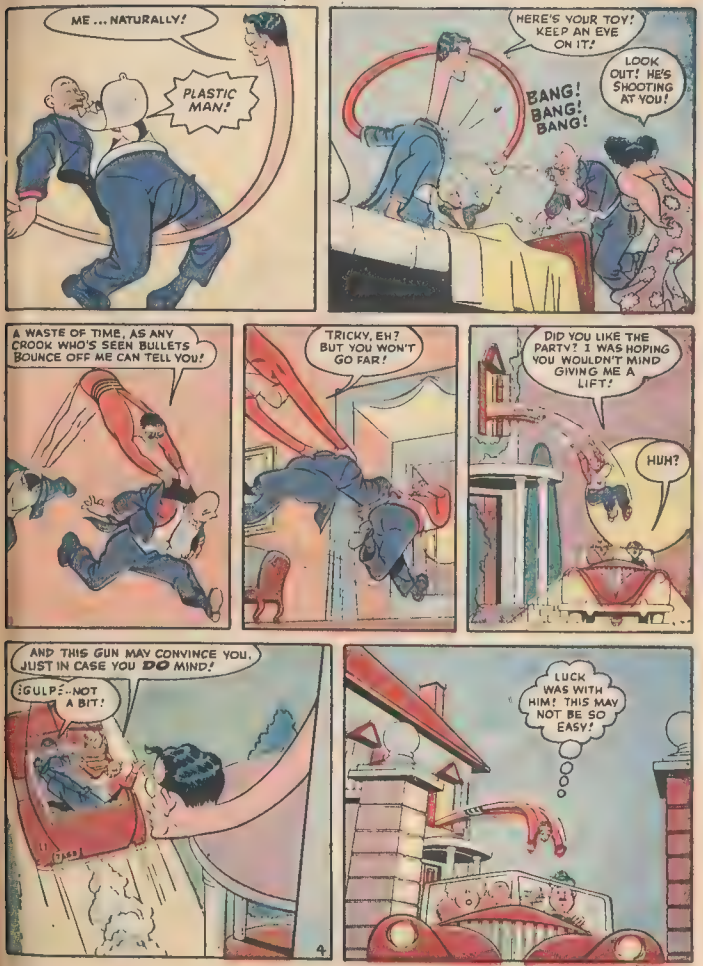

TAKE GOOD CARE OF IT, MY DEAR!
I'LL PUT IT IN THE SAFE IMMEDIATELY, YOUR MAJESTY!

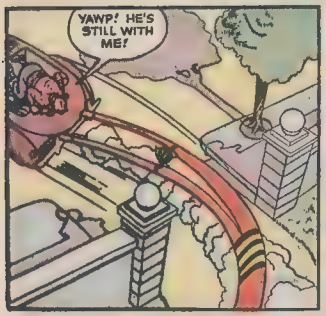
AW, DON'T! LET ME KEEP IT FOR YOU!
GOODNESS! BARON DE CLOUT--- A THIEF?

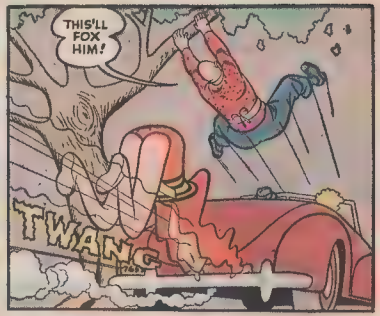

I DON'T THINK YOU OUGHT TO LET HIM KEEP IT AT ALL!
EEEK! A MAN USING THE BED I WAS TO SLEEP IN --- AND PROBABLY A COMMONER, AT THAT!

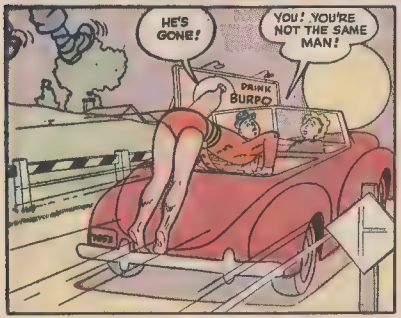

BEAT YOU TO IT, DIDN'T I, WINDOW EYE? I KIND'A HAD YOU TABBED FOR A CROOK! AND DON'T THINK YOU CAN MUSCLE IN FOR HALF EITHER!


HALF? I WOULDN'T THINK OF IT! I'M TAKING THE WHOLE THING!
GRAWK! I'VE SEEN SOMEBODY DO THAT BEFORE ... BUT WHO?

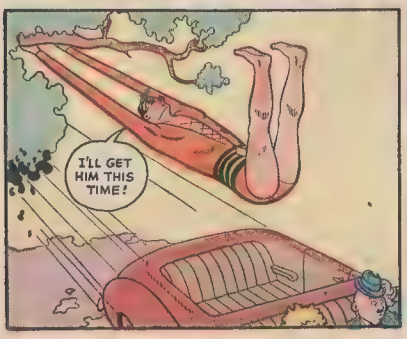

ME ... NATURALLY!
PLASTIC MAN!
HERE'S YOUR TOY! KEEP AN EYE ON IT!
LOOK OUT! HE'S SHOOTING AT YOU!
BANG! BANG! BANG!
A WASTE OF TIME, AS ANY CROOK WHO'S SEEN BULLETS BOUNCE OFF ME CAN TELL YOU!
TRICKY, EH? BUT YOU WON'T GO FAR!
DID YOU LIKE THE PARTY? I WAS HOPING YOU WOULDN'T MIND GIVING ME A LIFT!
HUH?
AND THIS GUN MAY CONVINCE YOU, JUST IN CASE YOU DO MIND!
GULP! - NOT A BIT!
LUCK WAS WITH HIM! THIS MAY NOT BE SO EASY!
4

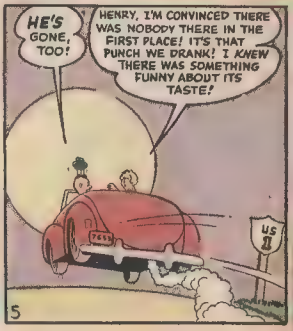

YAWP! HE'S STILL WITH ME!


THIS'LL FOX HIM!
TWANG


HE'S GONE!
YOU! YOU'RE NOT THE SAME MAN!
DRINK BURPO

I'M NOT GIVING THIS CROOK ENOUGH CREDIT! HE'S VERY, VERY TRICKY!


I'LL GET HIM THIS TIME!


HE'S GONE, TOO!
HENRY, I'M CONVINCED THERE WAS NOBODY THERE IN THE FIRST PLACE! IT'S THAT PUNCH WE DRANK! I KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT ITS TASTE!
US 11

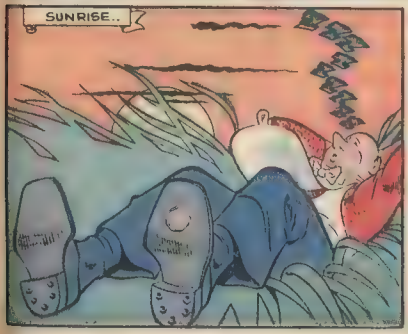
HE MUST BE HIDING SOMEWHERE IN THIS TALL GRASS! BUT THERE MUST BE FIFTY ACRES OF IT AND I'LL HAVE TO COVER EVERY FOOT IF I'M TO FIND HIM!

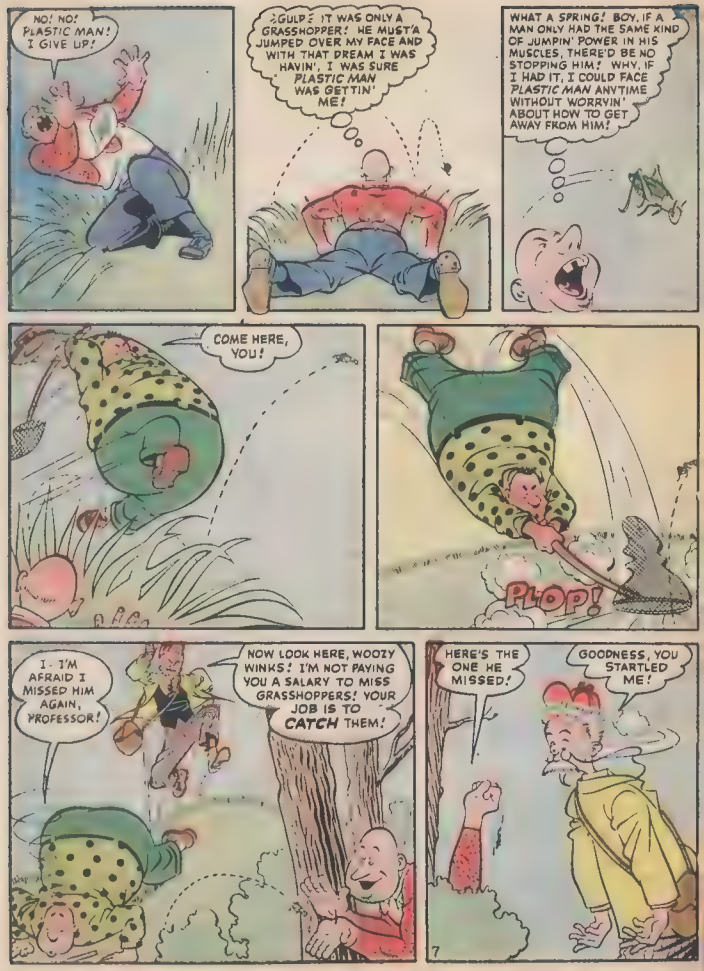
IN THIS DARKNESS IT'S PRETTY HOPELESS! A FINE MESS! AND I THOUGHT THE JOB OF GUARDING THE CORONET WASN'T BIG ENOUGH FOR ME!

IF HE SEES ME NOW, IT'S THE END! LUCK WAS WITH ME UNTIL NOW, BUT IT'S TOO MUCH TO HOPE TO GET AWAY FROM PLASTIC MAN MORE THAN TWICE!

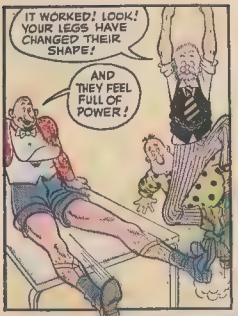
THIS IS A WASTE OF TIME! I'VE BUNGLED IT, ALL RIGHT! MAY AS WELL FORGET ABOUT IT UNTIL MORNING AND THEN TRY THE USUAL ROUTINE.... ROGUES' GALLERY, FINGER-PRINTS AND THE REST!

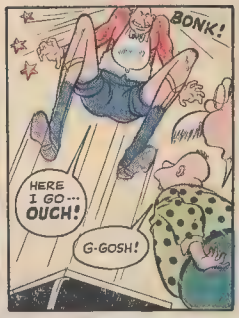
HE'S GOING AWAY! WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE! I'D BETTER NOT TAKE ANY MORE CHANCES TONIGHT! I'LL JUST SLEEP HERE AND FIGURE OUT MY NEXT MOVE IN THE MORNING!

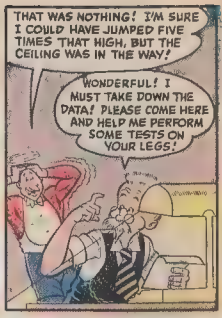

SUNRISE..
ZZZ
ZZZZ


NO! NO! PLASTIC MAN! I GIVE UP!
GULP! IT WAS ONLY A GRASSHOPPER! HE MUST'A JUMPED OVER MY FACE AND WITH THAT DREAM I WAS HAVIN', I WAS SURE PLASTIC MAN WAS GETTIN' ME!
WHAT A SPRING! BOY, IF A MAN ONLY HAD THE SAME KIND OF JUMPIN' POWER IN HIS MUSCLES, THERE'D BE NO STOPPING HIM! WHY, IF I HAD IT, I COULD FACE PLASTIC MAN ANYTIME WITHOUT WORRYIN' ABOUT HOW TO GET AWAY FROM HIM!
COME HERE, YOU!
PLOP!
I - I'M AFRAID I MISSED HIM AGAIN, PROFESSOR!
NOW LOOK HERE, WOOZY WINKS! I'M NOT PAYING YOU A SALARY TO MISS GRASSHOPPERS! YOUR JOB IS TO CATCH THEM!
HERE'S THE ONE HE MISSED!
GOODNESS, YOU STARTLED ME!

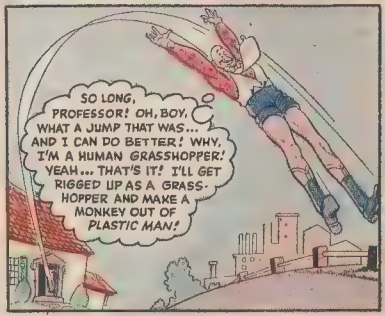
WHERE'D YOU COME ---??
NEVER MIND, WINKS! THE GENTLEMAN'S JUST MADE HIS SMALL BUT IMPORTANT CONTRIBUTION TO SCIENCE!
YOU MEAN CATCHING THE GRASSHOPPER! AW, IT WAS NOTHIN'! BUT SAY, SPEAKIN' OF SCIENCE, WHY IS IT THAT THE JUMPING POWER IN A GRASSHOPPER'S LEGS IS SO MUCH GREATER THAN IN A MAN'S.... THAT IS, PROPORTIONATELY?
A MOST INTERESTING QUESTION! I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT IT OFTEN!
AS A MATTER OF FACT, I'VE MADE A SERUM WITH CERTAIN MATERIALS EXTRACTED FROM THE LEG MUSCLES OF GRASSHOPPERS! IT IS MY THEORY THAT THIS SERUM INJECTED INTO THE LEGS OF A HUMAN WOULD GIVE HIM, TOO, AMAZING SPRINGING POWER!
UNFORTUNATELY, I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO FIND ANYBODY WHO WAS WILLING TO ACT AS A GUINEA PIG IN MY EXPERIMENT! YOU SEE, THERE IS A POSSIBILITY THAT THE SUBJECT'S LEGS WOULD GROW ABNORMALLY LONG AND THIN... AND PEOPLE ARE SO VAIN!
NOT ME, PROFESSOR! I'LL BE GLAD TO WORK WITH YOU!
YOU WILL? SPLENDID! WE'LL GO TO MY LABORATORY AT ONCE! IT ISN'T FAR FROM HERE!
PROFESSOR, YOU CAN SHOOT ALL THE SERUM YOU'VE GOT INTO MY LEGS! THE HIGHER I CAN JUMP, THE BETTER I'LL LIKE IT!
THERE! NOW WE'LL WATCH THE REACTION!
THIS IS JUST PLAIN SILLY!
GAS
8

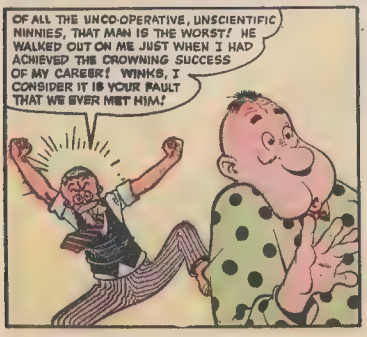

IT WORKED! LOOK! YOUR LEGS HAVE CHANGED THEIR SHAPE!
AND THEY FEEL FULL OF POWER!

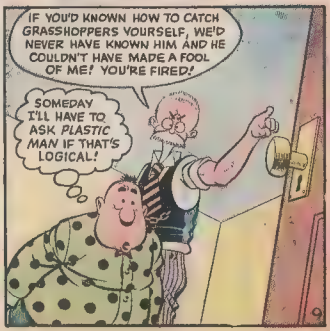

BONK!
HERE I GO... OUCH!
G-GOSH!

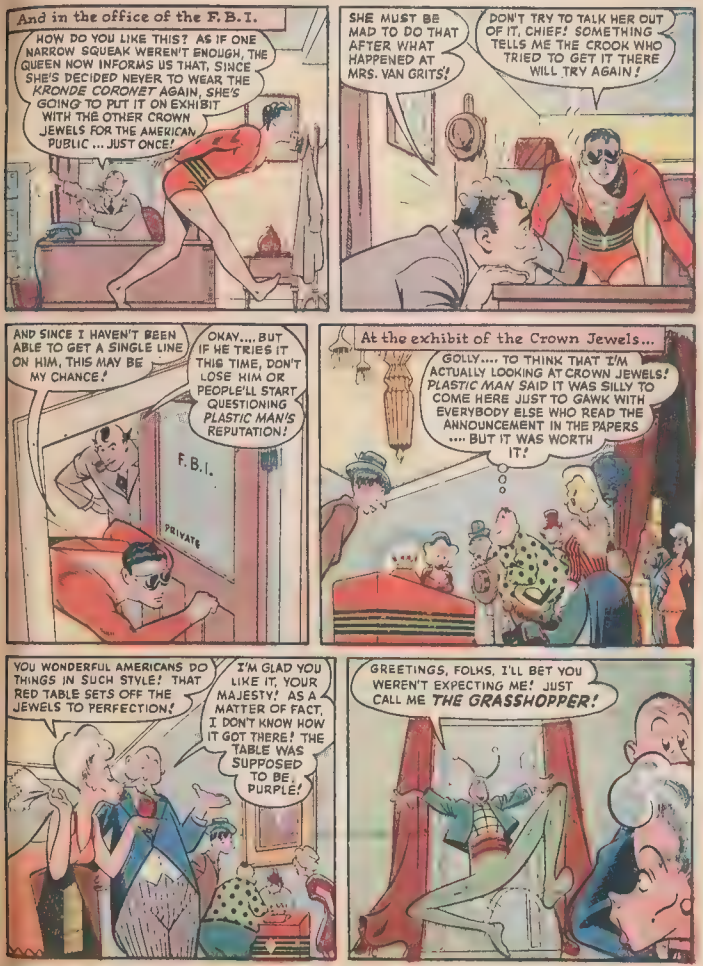

THAT WAS NOTHING! I'M SURE I COULD HAVE JUMPED FIVE TIMES THAT HIGH, BUT THE CEILING WAS IN THE WAY!
WONDERFUL! I MUST TAKE DOWN THE DATA! PLEASE COME HERE AND HELP ME PERFORM SOME TESTS ON YOUR LEGS!

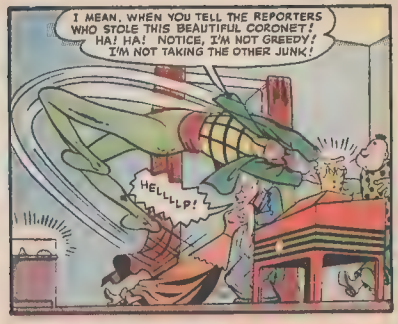
TESTS, YOUR GRANDMOTHER! I'VE GOT WHAT I WANT, PROFESSOR! AND I'M FULL OF IDEAS!
BUT...!

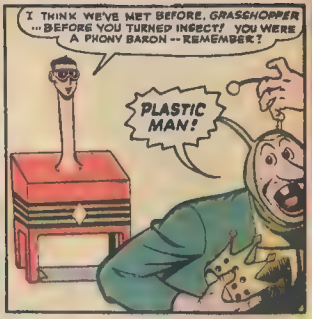

SO LONG, PROFESSOR! OH, BOY, WHAT A JUMP THAT WAS... AND I CAN DO BETTER! WHY, I'M A HUMAN GRASSHOPPER! YEAH... THAT'S IT! I'LL GET RIGGED UP AS A GRASSHOPPER AND MAKE A MONKEY OUT OF PLASTIC MAN!


OF ALL THE UNCO-OPERATIVE, UNSCIENTIFIC NINNIES, THAT MAN IS THE WORST! HE WALKED OUT ON ME JUST WHEN I HAD ACHIEVED THE CROWNING SUCCESS OF MY CAREER! WINKS, I CONSIDER IT IS YOUR FAULT THAT WE EVER MET HIM!


IF YOU'D KNOWN HOW TO CATCH GRASSHOPPERS YOURSELF, WE'D NEVER HAVE KNOWN HIM AND HE COULDN'T HAVE MADE A FOOL OF ME! YOU'RE FIRED!
SOMEDAY I'LL HAVE TO ASK PLASTIC MAN IF THAT'S LOGICAL!


And in the office of the F.B.I.
HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS? AS IF ONE NARROW SQUEAK WEREN'T ENOUGH, THE QUEEN NOW INFORMS US THAT, SINCE SHE'S DECIDED NEVER TO WEAR THE KRONDE CORONET AGAIN, SHE'S GOING TO PUT IT ON EXHIBIT WITH THE OTHER CROWN JEWELS FOR THE AMERICAN PUBLIC ... JUST ONCE!
SHE MUST BE MAD TO DO THAT AFTER WHAT HAPPENED AT MRS. VAN GRITS!
DON'T TRY TO TALK HER OUT OF IT, CHIEF! SOMETHING TELLS ME THE CROOK WHO TRIED TO GET IT THERE WILL TRY AGAIN!
AND SINCE I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO GET A SINGLE LINE ON HIM, THIS MAY BE MY CHANCE!
OKAY.... BUT IF HE TRIES IT THIS TIME, DON'T LOSE HIM OR PEOPLE'LL START QUESTIONING PLASTIC MAN'S REPUTATION!
F.B.I.
PRIVATE
At the exhibit of the Crown Jewels...
GOLLY.... TO THINK THAT I'M ACTUALLY LOOKING AT CROWN JEWELS! PLASTIC MAN SAID IT WAS SILLY TO COME HERE JUST TO GAWK WITH EVERYBODY ELSE WHO READ THE ANNOUNCEMENT IN THE PAPERS .... BUT IT WAS WORTH IT!
YOU WONDERFUL AMERICANS DO THINGS IN SUCH STYLE! THAT RED TABLE SETS OFF THE JEWELS TO PERFECTION!
I'M GLAD YOU LIKE IT, YOUR MAJESTY! AS A MATTER OF FACT, I DON'T KNOW HOW IT GOT THERE! THE TABLE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE PURPLE!
GREETINGS, FOLKS, I'LL BET YOU WEREN'T EXPECTING ME! JUST CALL ME THE GRASSHOPPER!

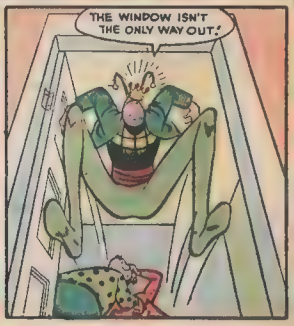

I MEAN, WHEN YOU TELL THE REPORTERS WHO STOLE THIS BEAUTIFUL CORONET! HA! HA! NOTICE, I'M NOT GREEDY! I'M NOT TAKING THE OTHER JUNK!
HELLLP!

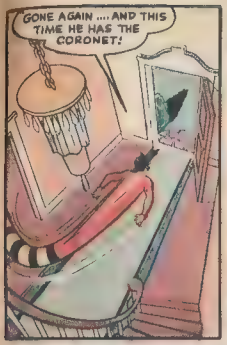

I THINK WE'VE MET BEFORE, GRASSHOPPER ...BEFORE YOU TURNED INSECT! YOU WERE A PHONY BARON -- REMEMBER?
PLASTIC MAN!

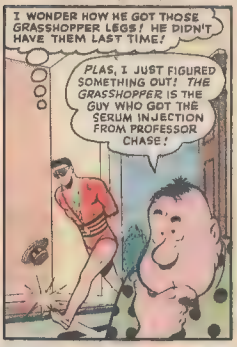
GLAD YOU'RE HERE, PLASTIC MAN! IT'LL GIVE ME A CHANCE TO PROVE YOU'RE A SAP! AND THIS TIME, I'LL GET AWAY FROM YOU WITH THE CORONET!

GUESS AGAIN, GRASSHOPPER!
YAWP!

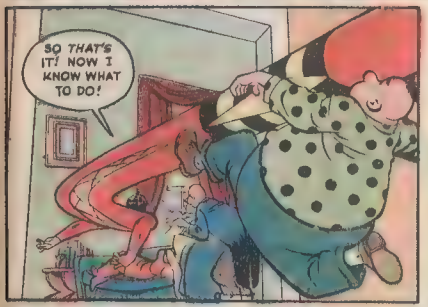
OW... WHAT AN EXPENSIVE THING TO HIT SOMEBODY WITH!

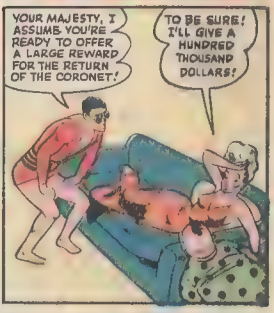

THE WINDOW ISN'T THE ONLY WAY OUT!

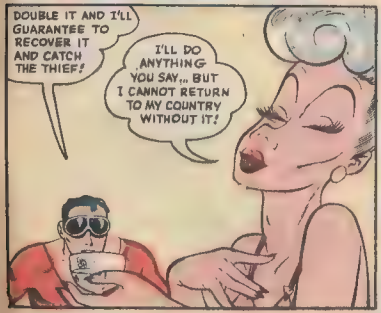

GONE AGAIN .... AND THIS TIME HE HAS THE CORONET!

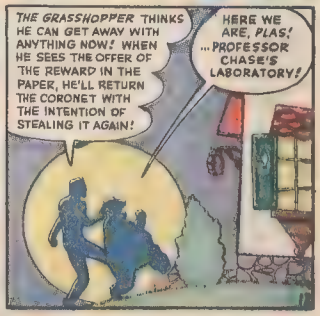

I WONDER HOW HE GOT THOSE GRASSHOPPER LEGS! HE DIDN'T HAVE THEM LAST TIME!
PLAS, I JUST FIGURED SOMETHING OUT! THE GRASSHOPPER IS THE GUY WHO GOT THE SERUM INJECTION FROM PROFESSOR CHASE!

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT ?
I SAW PROFESSOR CHASE GIVE IT TO HIM! HE WAS EXPERIMENTING ON THIS GUY TO SEE WHETHER HE COULD GIVE A MAN THE SAME KIND OF STRONG LEGS A GRASSHOPPER HAS! THEN THE GRASSHOPPER SKIPPED OUT AND I WAS FIRED!


SO THAT'S IT! NOW I KNOW WHAT TO DO!


YOUR MAJESTY, I ASSUME YOU'RE READY TO OFFER A LARGE REWARD FOR THE RETURN OF THE CORONET!
TO BE SURE! I'LL GIVE A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS!


DOUBLE IT AND I'LL GUARANTEE TO RECOVER IT AND CATCH THE THIEF!
I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY... BUT I CANNOT RETURN TO MY COUNTRY WITHOUT IT!

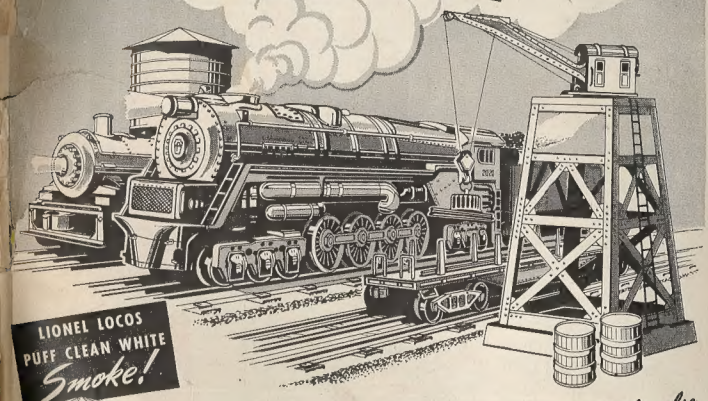

THE GRASSHOPPER THINKS HE CAN GET AWAY WITH ANYTHING NOW! WHEN HE SEES THE OFFER OF THE REWARD IN THE PAPER, HE'LL RETURN THE CORONET WITH THE INTENTION OF STEALING IT AGAIN!
HERE WE ARE, PLAS! ... PROFESSOR CHASE'S LABORATORY!

Plastic Man tells the story of The GRASSHOPPER'S activities....
I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN THAT MAN WAS A THIEF! IN A WAY, I FEEL RESPONSIBLE! WHAT CAN I DO TO HELP?
HAVE YOU ANYTHING THAT WILL ELIMINATE THE TERRIFIC POWER IN THE GRASS-HOPPER'S LEGS?
THIS! I'VE USED IT TO WEAKEN THE LEGS OF GRASSHOPPERS IN SEVERAL EXPERIMENTS! IF YOU CAN GET IT INTO THE GRASSHOPPERS LEGS, I THINK HE'LL LOSE HIS POWER!
GOOD! BUT FIRST I'LL HAVE TO CAPTURE HIM --- AFTERWARD I'LL USE THIS STUFF TO MAKE SURE THAT HE DOESN'T HOP OUT OF JAIL!
A short time later...
WHAT A SETUP THIS'LL BE! I'LL TAKE THE REWARD AND SWIPE THE CORONET RIGHT BACK AGAIN! THEN OUT THAT WINDOW AND I'M GONE!
HIYA, QUEENIE! WELL, I'VE BROUGHT YOUR CORONET! WHERE'S THE TWO HUNDRED GRAND?
I HAVE IT RIGHT HERE!
IT'S A DEAL! HERE'S YOUR HUNK OF ICE!
NOW, NOW, QUEENIE, AIN'T YOU A LITTLE TOO OLD TO BE HOLDING HANDS?...
GRAWK! PLASTIC MAN!
I THOUGHT YOU'D GIVEN UP WHEN I SAW THAT THEY GOT DESPERATE ENOUGH TO OFFER A REWARD!
NOT A CHANCE! THIS TIME YOU CAN MOP ALL YOU LIKE! I'M HOLDING ON!

LEGGO!
SURE! AS SOON AS YOU LIE DOWN!
VERY OBLIGING! NOW TO TAKE THE SPRINGINESS OUT OF HIS LEGS SO HE WON'T GIVE THE WARDEN ANY TROUBLE!
MY LEGS! THEY'RE LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE'S AGAIN!
YOU CAN THANK ME FOR THAT, GRASSHOPPER! I FIGURED YOU WOULDN'T WANT THE BOYS IN THE STATE PEN TO THINK YOU WERE A FREAK!
MY CORONET! OH, YOU WONDERFUL F.B.I. MEN! NO CRIMINAL CAN WIN OUT AGAINST YOU!
PLEASE, YOUR MAJESTY... YOUR PLANE LEAVES IN AN HOUR! I APPRECIATE YOUR HIGH REGARD FOR US, BUT I'LL FEEL SO MUCH BETTER WHEN YOU'RE ON IT WITH ALL YOUR CROWN JEWELS!
Later...
Y' KNOW, PLAS, I WAS THINKING THAT PROF CHASE NEVER DID GET TO STUDY THE RESULTS OF HIS EXPERIMENT ON THE GRASSHOPPER! MAYBE IF I VOLUNTEERED AS A GUINEA PIG, I COULD HAVE MY JOB BACK!
NIX, WOOZY! I WOULDN'T WANT TO START HAVING TROUBLE WITH YOU NOW!

FUZZY
WILL SOMEONE HELP A STARVIN' MAN BEFORE I VANISH IN FRONT O' YOUR EYES?
FOR SHAME! DON'T YOU REGRET BEGGING FOR FOOD LIKE A COMMON DOG?
YEAH! PEOPLE BEEN TOSSIN' TOO MANY BONES LATELY!
IF YOU HAD INVESTED YOUR MONEY WISELY AS I DID, YOU, TOO, MIGHT BE RICH TODAY!
I STARTED WITH ONLY FIVE DOLLARS AND BY SHREWD INVESTING, RAN IT INTO A TIDY SUM! I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO DO THE SAME!
BUT I ONLY WANTED A DIME!
CALL AT MY OFFICE AND LET ME KNOW HOW YOU MAKE OUT!
YESSIR!
Later..
WELL, HERE I AM!
JUST AS I THOUGHT! YOU SPENT EVERY RED CENT ON YOUR STOMACH!
YOU'RE JUST A GLUTTONOUS BUM.... A FAT, NO-GOOD HOG... A--A---
RECKON YOU'RE RIGHT! HERE'S YOUR CHANGE!
WHAT? ALL THOSE GROCERIES FOR ONLY TEN CENTS?
OH, I ADMIT IT AIN'T MUCH, BUT FOOD IS HIGH ALL OVER THESE DAYS!
HERE--KEEP THE CHANGE AND RETIRE FOR LIFE!
AND TO THINK I'VE GOT TWENTY MORE YEARS OF WORK YET BEFORE I CAN QUIT!
CRUNCH CRUNCH

If you want a LIONEL Train for Christmas, here's what to do!



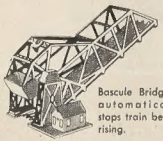
LIONEL LOCOS PUFF CLEAN WHITE *Smoke!*

Brand new operating Water Tower — water lowers and rises in the tank. Remote control operation.

Automatic Gateman — rushes out and swings lantern when train approaches.

WE'LL SEND YOU OUR SECRET "POP PERSUADER"

It's sure fire! — guaranteed to let "Pop" know you want a LIONEL Train for Christmas. You'll love it. "Pop" will get a kick out of it. And Say! — the new LIONEL trains and accessories are out of this world. Send the coupon today — you'll see!



Bascule Bridge — automatically stops train before rising.

Mail Coupon Today

full Color Catalog also Scenery Building Book

LIONEL TRAINS

Locos puff SMOKE and WHISTLE like real trains.

THE LIONEL CORPORATION, Dept. "A3"
15 East 26 St., New York (10), N. Y.

Please send the full color catalog and Scenery Construction Book — also secret "Pop Persuader". (I enclose 10c for mailing.)

Name_____

Address_____

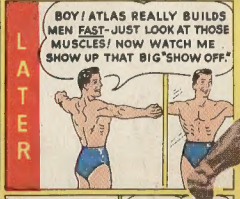
City_____ Zone____ State_____

(Please don't forget 10c for mailing charges)

HOW JUST TWO WORDS TURNED MAC INTO A HE-MAN!

"YOU WEAKLING" HE CALLED ME! I'LL MAKE HIM EAT THOSE TWO WORDS! I'LL SEND FOR CHARLES ATLAS' FREE BOOK AND FIND OUT HOW TO BE A REAL HE-MAN!

LATER



—actual photo of Charles Atlas, winner and holder of the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too —in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If you (like Mac), are fed up with being "pushed around"—if you're sick and tired of having the kind of a body that people PITY instead of ADMIRE—then give me just 15 minutes a day! That's all I need to PROVE I can make you a NEW MAN!

I know what I'm talking about. I was once a thin, pejtless, 97-pound "bag of bones" myself. Then I discovered my now-famous secret, "Dynamic Tension." It turned me into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And I have used this secret to rebuild thousands of other scrawny, half-alive weaklings into perfect, red-blooded specimens of real HE-MANHOOD. Let me prove that I can do the same for YOU!

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

I don't care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add SOLID MUSCLE to your biceps —yes, on each arm—in double-quick time!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they look before and after — in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book — FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension." Shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally, Charles Atlas, Dept. 330 M, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330 M,
115 E. 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A.